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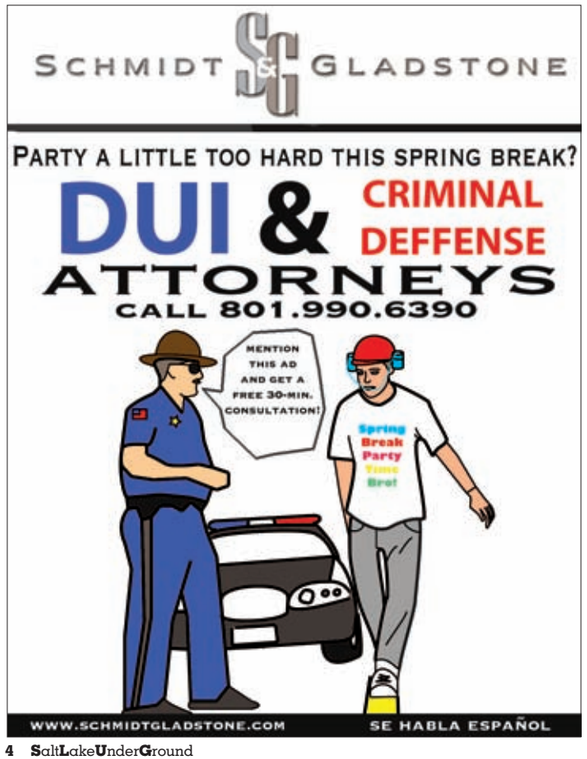
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SLUG MAGAZINE

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Contributor Limelight



Shawn Mayer – Writer

One of our go-to action sports writers since 2007, Shawn Mayer has covered everything from surf movies and local snowboard manufacturers to skate legends like **Tony Hawk** and **Stacy Peralta**. As close to the Jersey Shore as *SLUG* is ever going to get, Mayer is a Utah transplant from the land of **Snooki** who came out west to "slack off and ride some pow" in 2005—he hasn't left since and we don't plan on letting go of his snarky attitude and Joisey accent anytime soon! Aside from being one of our action sports minions, Mayer likes to travel and document it all through film, photos and of course, writing. Mayer's passion for all things action sports is infectious—if you don't believe us, check out his article on Super Top Secret in this month's issue.













DEAR DICKHEADS

Hey Dickheads,

I'm reading the latest copy (vol. 23, issue 278) of your fine publication, and I'm confused, and a little offended by a statement made by you "dickheads". The statement "if you can buy a band's shirt at JC Penney, that band sucks," is a pretty dumb thing to publish. You were referring to Pink Floyd in this instance. I don't know if you guys just aren't musicians, or have down syndrome, but Pink Floyd deserves some respect from you hipsters. Without Floyd, we wouldn't enjoy many bands who were influenced by their work. Included in your general statement must be Led Zeppelin, whose merchandise is available in so many locations that it's ridiculous. Zeppelin changed Rock and Roll, and inspired countless musicians to start playing. So, before you guys spout off such a wildly general statement, you might want to think about the music nerds out there that may get pissed. Watch your shit!

Sincerely, Konner H.

Hey Konner,

Thanks for letting us know how confused and offended you were. If you're not confused and/or offended at least twice an issue, we're not doing our fucking jobs. We take extra pride that both happened to you by page six.

There are SLUG staffers who appreciate Pink Floyd, but that doesn't mean we need to hold them high like the shiniest Ming vase on an ivory pedestal. Furthermore, just because a band "changed" music doesn't mean their logo needs to be shamelessly slapped on thousands of XXXL T-shirts, then sold at $20 a pop, to be shoveled out the door with a pair of 52" khakis, which you'll be wearing later at the KFC between rounds of Warhammer. I know, it must be awfully heart-breaking to reminisce about how you used to get high to* Atom Heart Mother *in your bungalow with the slut next door while watching "The Newlywed Game," and now it's the waiting room music at the doctor's office before you get checked for another polyp sitting on your prostate.

Don't think for a second it's a generational thing, either. Like most fans, you probably hold Pink Floyd high for their "changes" in the '70s. Well, U2 "revolutionized" music in the '80s, Nirvana "redefined" rock in the '90s, Radiohead "reshaped" the model in the '00s and The Black Keys are currently being called "geniuses" in this decade. Does anyone really need to flaunt that with yet another black T-shirt they found sitting next to draperies and neckties at the mall? Fuck no!

If anything, it's a hipster move to fork over all that cash for a T-shirt that everyone else you know is already wearing or will wear after seeing you. Bands become legends by being original, but get rich by selling pricey merch to people who are unoriginal. So yeah, if you can buy a band's T-shirt at JC Penny, that band sucks! And you're an aging sheep for buying one.

XOXO SLUG

FAX, SNAIL MAIL OR EMAIL US YOUR LETTERS!

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ANDREW JACKSON JIHAD:

OPTIMISM THROUGH PESSIMISM

By Ricky Vigil
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Andrew Jackson Jihad will bring their style of depressingly uplifting music to *Mojo's* in Ogden on March 23.

The music of Andrew Jackson Jihad often casts its gaze upon the darkest parts of humanity. The songs on *Knife Man*, their most recent album, deal with homelessness, selfishness, laziness, self-sufficiency (and the lack thereof), murder, compassion (and the lack thereof), hopelessness and more, but vocalist and guitarist **Sean Bonnette** doesn't see his band as the ultimate bummer machine they appear to be. "I consider myself and our band to be pretty optimistic," Bonnette says. "The way I view my songs is that they help me get through stuff, and if people connect with them, I have a theory that it might be because they have the same feelings, and hearing another person say that might be validating for them." Bonnette's theory seems to be becoming more and more valid, as the band's audience has grown steadily over the past five years, and their albums continue to garner praise from inside and outside of the punk rock world.

To be fair, Andrew Jackson Jihad's music isn't entirely comprised of songs to slit your wrists to—there are also some songs where you can slit your wrists and laugh at the same time. "American Tune" dissects the privileges of white, straight males in America in such a straightforward way that the absurdity becomes laughable. Just when it seems that Bonnette's outlook is changing on "Gift of the Magi 2," he delivers this line: "I've got my whole life to live/ And I've got all my love to give/ To all you fuckers that I hate." On injecting his songs with humor, Bonnette says, "You can't really get a lot done by just being angry about something. I think the humor is another aspect that makes the music optimistic, because it doesn't leave someone bereft of hope if there's a joke in there."

Knife Man also sees Andrew Jackson Jihad continue to evolve musically, as Bonnette and bassist **Ben Gallaty**, the two permanent members of AJJ, are joined on nearly every song by guest musicians and additional instrumentation. Because of their usually, sparse acoustic instrumentation, the band is often lumped in with the folk-punk movement made popular by **Against Me!** and **Plan-It-X Records** in the early '00s, but Bonnette has a more fitting descriptor for the type of music he and Gallaty make: "'Acoustic rock' is the closest thing that describes our band, even though that sounds way lame. The term 'folk punk' reeks of something with an expiration date. I've seen it happen with plenty of other genres where it was a thing for a while, then people abandon it and swear up and down that they never liked it," he says. "It's like rap metal." A mandolin finds its way onto a few *Knife Man* songs, as does a kazoo (which is fucking awesome), and "Sad Songs" prominently features a piano, but the majority of the album features the classic punk rock instrumentation of electric guitar, bass and drums. There's definitely a folky vibe on a lot of *Knife Man*, but there's also a lot of fuzzed out indie rock, á la **Neutral Milk Hotel**, and spazzy poppish-punk, like **Bomb the Music Industry!**

In the time since *Knife Man* was written and recorded, Bonnette has temporarily relocated from the ultra-conservative metropolis of Phoenix, Ariz. to Chicago, Ill. In addition to adapting to the drastically different political and meteorological climates, Bonnette has also adapted his range of influences. "You can say my taste in music is kind of changing—developing and growing into stuff like **Ted Nugent** and **Nine Inch Nails** again. I think it might be related to memories of the snow, because I used to listen to a lot of that stuff in Minnesota [as a kid]," Bonnette says. "I think there's actually stuff on *Knife Man* that Nine Inch Nails influenced. I didn't really realize how profoundly **Trent Reznor**'s lyrics affected me as a songwriter. He's incredibly good at stating his condition, but his condition is always full of despair and hate." It's a connection that most people probably wouldn't make, but I, for one, will never be able to listen to "Back Pack" without feeling NIN's influence again.

This spring, Andrew Jackson Jihad will tour with a full band for the first time ever. "I wanna rock. Ben and I both really wanna rock right now, and there's only so much rocking you can do with acoustic instruments before you get tired of it," he says. Bonnette and Gallaty expect to play half of their set as a traditional, acoustic Andrew Jackson Jihad set (without a setlist, as is the band's tradition) before being joined by a drummer and an additional guitarist onstage. Bonnette also expects some extra instrumentation, including mandolin, keyboard, and maybe, just maybe, kazoos.

Andrew Jackson Jihad will be performing with **Laura Stevenson & The Cans** and **ROAR!** at *Mojo's* in Ogden on March 23.







THE MOTH & THE FLAME

Photo: Michael Schwartz

From L to R: Mark Garbett – Keys/Vocals + Nate Pyfer – Programming + Brandon Robbins – Vocals/Guitar + Andrew Tolman – Drums

Localized

By Esther Meroño
esther@slugmag.com

It's going to be an unforgettable night of local music at the *Urban Lounge* on March 9. *Localized*, this month, features Provo darlings and indie art rockers **The Moth & The Flame**, and the mellow electro samplings of **OK Ikumi**. Get there early to catch the ethereal soundscapes of electro-pop band **Wake Up Nebula** for only $5.

From dreamy acoustic lullabies to crashing cymbals and dramatic yelps, The Moth & The Flame contain a wide berth of emotion in their debut, self-titled album, all fused together with the deep grumbling of Brandon Robbins' sultry voice. When I met with the four-piece, I was only expecting the two founding members, Robbins and Mark Garbett. Andrew Tolman and Nate Pyfer were added to the lineup only a few months ago, but it was a pleasant surprise, as the bandmates were only too happy to share the spotlight and were equally as enthusiastic about the band's music.

Velour, one of Provo's most illustrious music venues, gets the birthing credit for The Moth & The Flame two years ago. Bandmates in Robbins' brother's local band, **Somber Party**, Robbins and Garbett started writing their own material in Garbett's tiny basement. **Corey Fox**, *Velour*'s owner, booked the two for a last-minute set one night in Nov. 2010, also calling on Pyfer to fill in on the sound board. "These guys get up and had really terrible equipment, and sound guys are really bad about judging bands by their gear, so I'm thinking, 'Oh, these guys are gonna be a joke,'" says Pyfer. Even with Robbins mumbling through the unfinished songs, Pyfer heard the potential in the band that night and immediately offered up his talents to produce TM&TF's first album. The duo officially became a trio about two months ago, when Pyfer was absorbed into the ranks to take care of all the programming and "weird sounds." Tolman joined the group soon after as the drummer (**Aaron Anderson** of **Fictionist** drummed on the album), directed to TM&TF by Fox after leaving his latest musical venture, **Magic Dragons**. The new additions double the band's talent, and allow for a more full-bodied live show. "We're all committed to making sure the album is very well represented," says Pyfer. "If it's on the record, I want to find a way to do it live."

Describing their music, Robbins says, is always difficult. After throwing around a few different terms, the band members agree that "art rock" accurately encompasses their sound—"Moth rock," jokes Garbett. "It's kind of like **The National** meets **Radiohead**," says Tolman. "That's the picture that I've always gotten." Robbins describes his musical inspiration for the record as a "melting pot" of influences that range from the obvious—Radiohead and **Beck**—to the more subtle **Pearl Jam** and **Sparklehorse**.

The term "art rock" doesn't just describe their music. The band is selling their debut album exclusively in physical form—no digital tracks available for purchase, though you can stream it from their Soundcloud—stating on their website, "We've decided that the only way we want to present this album, for the time being, is in its physical form because of how important the art is to the album. The art was not an afterthought, but rather an integral part of the process, and we consider it to be the opening track of the album." Robbins and Garbett were struck by the photograph on the cover—a man held up by crutches in a desert landscape—the work of New York collaborative photography duo **Kahn & Selesnick**, before they even started the recording process. The song "How We Woke Up" was actually inspired by the artwork, Robbins says. The band also collaborated with a few artist friends for their CD-release party back in November, creating anthropomorphic giants and placing them as temporary art installations around Provo prior to the show. The giants, including a creature 20-feet tall, were then placed at the front of *Velour* to greet people as they walked inside. "As a band, we're focused on the visuals very heavily," says Garbett. "For me, it's also a statement that we're art rock."

The Moth & The Flame have seen some decent success and popularity in Utah and the surrounding areas, along with a healthy dose of love from music blogs around the world. They set out on their first West Coast tour this March, which they anticipate will go well. "Everyone's decided to do what we need to do to make a career in music, and that's what we're going to work for, and go about it the best way we know how," says Tolman.

If for any reason their bright musical futures fail them, they've got a Plan B: "Professional basketball players [on the *Velour* Girls basketball team]," says Pyfer. Catch The Moth & The Flame before they slam dunk at *Localized* on March 9 at *Urban Lounge*.

I was immediately drawn to OK Ikumi before I'd heard a single note of **Karl Jørgensen**'s Orem-based, one-man electro project. Perhaps it was the playful and "aesthetically pleasing" name, which Jørgensen found last minute via text message before his first show at *Kilby* in 2004. Maybe it was the simple yet nostalgic illustrations he designs for his album artwork, ranging from sleeping cats to scenes out of a sci-fi novel. Whatever the appeal, it became clear we were meant to be when I finally pressed play. Starting my interview with Jørgensen believing any music containing a synth could be dubbed "electro," I left with a better understanding of the genre than anyone has ever been able to convey to me, along with a list of bands and projects to check out thanks to Jørgensen's extensive musical knowledge and passion.

SLUG: How did you get started making music?
Jørgensen: When I was a kid, I wanted a keyboard … It took a few years of asking my parents, but I finally got a terrible one. I grew up listening to straight punk music without any other social input, really. I didn't listen to [electro] at all until I was 18, but I was making [4-track recordings] before then.

SLUG: I've always categorized everything with a synth under "electro." Why is that wrong?
Jørgensen: You wouldn't lump together things that have guitars and drums as the only thing they have in common—that's how I feel about the electronic world as well. There are so many styles and moods—it's not all sterile or energetic.

SLUG: So how would you describe OK Ikumi's music?
Jørgensen: I'm aiming for a subtle mood or atmosphere. It's not something that people generally respond strongly towards. When I try to do shows now, I just want to create this atmosphere of pleasantness and non-confrontation, a nice feeling that you can get caught up in that isn't forceful.

SLUG: It seems you like themed and/or structured projects, i.e.: Your *12/10* EP was an attempt to write a song every day for the month of December 2010, *IV/XI* was inspired by **Arthur C. Clarke**'s *Space Odyssey*…
Jørgensen: I feel like the limitations are beneficial to creativity. I feel like the more limitations, the better. I'm currently working on a procedurally generated system to make songs entirely without my input. When you're working in the electronic medium, it can be kind of overwhelming since you can make pretty much anything. When I started making electronic music, in the mid- to late-'90s, I used this pretty awful freeware recording and drum loop software that was extremely limiting, so I feel like it helps you to push barriers a little when there's barriers there. With other projects, I don't use those. Sometimes it works, and it's beneficial, but it's not something that I all-the-time believe in.

SLUG: You've taken OK Ikumi nearly everywhere, from West Coast tours, to a 2008 tour in Japan and your latest 2010 tour in Montreal. What's next?
Jørgensen: I haven't played any shows on the West Coast since 2007 … If you're making indie rock or singer/songwriter stuff, there's a built-in network to work with, but that doesn't really exist in most cities for my style of music, so it makes touring a little bit harder.

SLUG: You've only had one label release through **Blue Bell Records**, your only OK Ikumi full-length, 2007's *Spirits*. Now you're working on your own label, **Hel**. Tell me more about that.
Jørgensen: I like coming across labels that I like because it's like you're discovering a network. Right now, it's so easy to release and distribute music because of the Internet, but it's so chaotic. So I feel like if you're making a weird type of music, little labels can really help organize. I want to catalog things I like and also release stuff of mine.

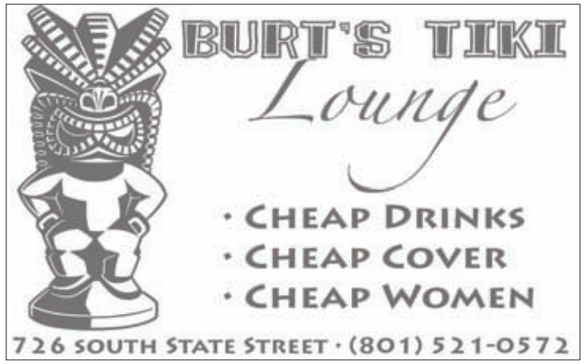
SLUG: What's some good stuff you've been listening to lately?
Jørgensen: I've been actively trying to diversify what I listen to. If I don't like something, I'll try again in a year to see if I like it. It's good to like stuff, there's more for you to listen to. I've been into this Nigerian '70s music lately, it's kind of funk-type stuff, but it's very raw, and has this spacey kind of element to it. There's a band called **SJOB Movement** that's great. That's the biggest thing you can do to improve your musical skill, is to improve your musical taste. It improves the brain filtering process.

SLUG: Five-year plan for OK Ikumi?
Jørgensen: No plans, no goals, as long as I'm inspired. There's always new territory to explore, to keep exploring.

Get a taste of OK Ikumi for yourself at *Localized* on March 9 at *Urban Lounge*.



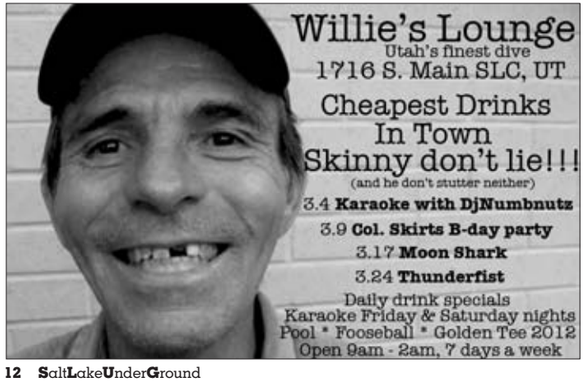
Photo: Sam Milianta













GALLERY STROLL



Photo courtesy UMOCA

Chris Manfre and Jeremy Chatelain discussing the Sonic Squeeze exhibit.

UMOCA – YourMOCA

By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

In the last few years, many have had to make do with less, but the financial crisis has made the creative community work smarter rather than harder. They have joined forces to produce, curate and promote large-scale events that surpass expectations set during a thriving economy. The leaders of this movement are not only becoming wildly successful, they are creating a sustainable, fruitful model for fellow organizations to emulate.

UMOCA has become a hotbed for these creative collaborations. Formerly the Salt Lake Art Center, *UMOCA* has been kicking butt and changing names! Their enthusiasm to create superior collaborations has given the public unprecedented access to *Sundance's New Frontier* program, *Craft Lake City* artists, *Spy Hop Productions* and an organization close to my heart and paycheck, the *Utah Film Center*.

Every success story has battle wounds. Not enough funding, an awkward building, tired staff and an apathetic public were just a few of the hurdles Executive Director **Adam Price** inherited when he took over, three years ago. Slowly, strategically, the changes came: an increase in the local art presence, big ideas like the *Contemporary Masters* mini golf exhibit, the absorption of the wildly popular *337 Project* and increased partnerships from local artists and fellow arts organizations.

Currently on display in the Main Gallery is the 2012 *Sundance Film Festival's New Frontier* exhibit curated by Senior Programmer **Shari Frilot**. Storytelling pushed to extremes, *New Frontier's* interactive film, art and new media installations will engulf your senses and spit you out, asking for more. Luckily, you can come back again and again to contemplate the meaning of these wild rides. *New Frontier* remains on display until May 19.

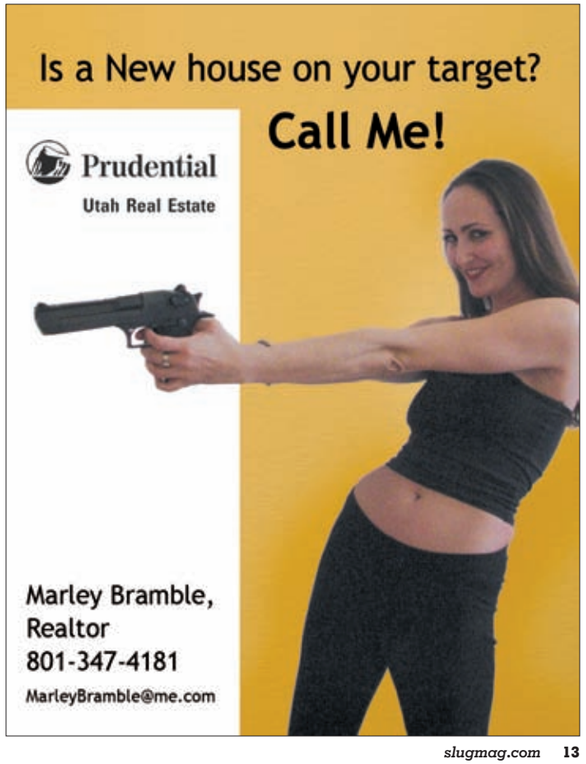
Spy Hop Productions' music, audio and game design instructors created *Sonic Squeeze*, which combines video games, drum machines and tone makers. Visitors create sounds by playing games on one of three stations. As most gamers know, you can go alone, but it's always more fun with a team. Fun and fool-proof, everyone feels like a recording artist—I'm still waiting for my call from **Columbia Music** about my sonic sound. *Sonic Squeeze* remains on exhibit through March 24.

UMOCA and the *Utah Film Center's Creativity in Focus* monthly film series is proud to present *Arc of Light: A Portrait of Anna Campbell Bliss,* Friday March 9 at 7 p.m. Bliss, a Utah resident, has received numerous awards and national notoriety for her work in multi-medium art. Her pieces incorporate elements of architecture, mathematics, computer technology, painting, printmaking and calligraphy. Bliss' work can be found all over the state of Utah from the *Utah Museum of Fine Art* to the *Salt Lake City Airport*. The film is free and open to the public, and as a special treat for her Utah friends, Bliss will be in attendance for a post-screening Q&A.

With workshops, First Friday receptions, art talks, training, family programs and a lot of incredible modern art, it seems like Utah finally has a Museum of Contemporary Art. For exhibit hours visit *utahmoca.org*.







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By James Bennett
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Sending *SLUG's* Highest Ranking Mormon™ to review a place known mostly as a watering hole was a risky move on the part of the magazine. It is true that *The Garage* is a great place to get a drink. Located along the highly industrial strip just north of downtown, the gastro-pub is close to the city, yet feels miles away from your work week, your problems and the rest of your reality—the perfect bar location, really. In a former life, before it was purchased and overhauled by the same folks who own *Stoneground* and *Club Jam*, it was known as the *Jimax Lounge*. Though I don't feel qualified to talk much about the assortment of libations available here, I can say that beer, liquor and even wine flow freely inside, and that its bar status makes the drink, and also the food, exclusive to a 21+ clientele.

As a restaurant, the menu is somewhat limited, but that doesn't mean it's cut-rate. As you settle into your barn-wood and corrugated-sheet-metal surroundings, start with one of *The Garage*'s much-lauded appetizers. The Golden Spike Onion Rings ($6) are thin-sliced and hand-coated in a tempura batter before being fried to crisp perfection. They are complemented well by the pub's spicy lemon aioli and come by the basketful. Other standard bar fare is available, such as chicken wings, fries, or chips and salsa, but the jewel of the starter menu is the Fried Mormon Funeral Potatoes ($6). These kicked-up tater tots are made in-house by taking shredded potatoes and mixing in cheddar cheese, chopped green onions and bacon. The mixture is then rolled into balls, coated in crushed corn flakes and "baptized" in hot oil. Eaten by themselves, they will take your mind back to Sunday dinners with obscure family members. Paired with Utah ranch dressing, they may inspire you to start going to church again.

The Garage's Fried Mormon Funeral Potatoes are the jewel of the starter menu. According to James Bennett, when "paired with Utah ranch dressing, they may inspire you to start going to church again."

On a recent trip, my wife and I went one better and ventured further than the appetizers. Several choices on the entrée menu will also inspire your inner restaurant geek. We split a few entrées, opting first for the Shrimp Po'Boy ($8). This sandwich is made by stuffing a hoagie roll with fried shrimp, lettuce and tomato, and is held together with a slightly spicy remoulade spread. It is served with your choice of side—either fries, cole slaw, baked beans, a salad or cottage cheese. I have a hard time imagining anyone ordering cottage cheese, but our server said it was popular with the ladies. We went for the slaw instead. The sandwich was a good mix of crunchy and smooth, and the slaw was incredible. The dish really brought in the feel and flavors of the gulf coast. We also ordered the Southern Fried Chicken ($9), this time opting for the french fries. The three-piece chicken meal was gargantuan, but that didn't stop me from trying to down the entire thing. I ran out of steam before I got to the drumstick, amazed at the contrast between the tenderness of the meat and the crunch of the perfectly seasoned skin. As a man raised by Southern parents, I hold fried chicken in high esteem. As such, understand how serious of a compliment it is when I say that *The Garage* gets my vote for best Southern fried chicken in the valley. Try it with one of the aforementioned sides, or skip the sides altogether and get it paired with waffles (a somewhat trendy dish as of late) for the same price.

The Garage offers several other tempting meals. Their Baked Mac-n-Veggie ($8) is an adult version of macaroni and cheese that is baked until golden brown and then topped with fresh tomato. Is it healthy? Well, no. But it will give your vegetarian buddies something to nosh on, and its rich creaminess is enough to convince even the most stubborn carnivore to go meat free for a night. The other really impressive option is the Philly Cheese Steak. At nine dollars, it is among the priciest selections on the menu, but when you consider the attention to detail, you'll wonder why it isn't twice as much. They start with a generous pile of thinly sliced, grilled beef. It can be topped with peppers, onions or mushrooms—depending on your urge—and finished with your choice of American cheese or cheese whiz. The most popular version is topped with onions and whiz. Again, *The Garage* hits it out of the park with this one—a sandwich worthy of the Philly name. To add even more authenticity, it is served on bread shipped in from the *Amoroso Bakery* in Philadelphia. Try finding that anywhere else in Salt Lake.

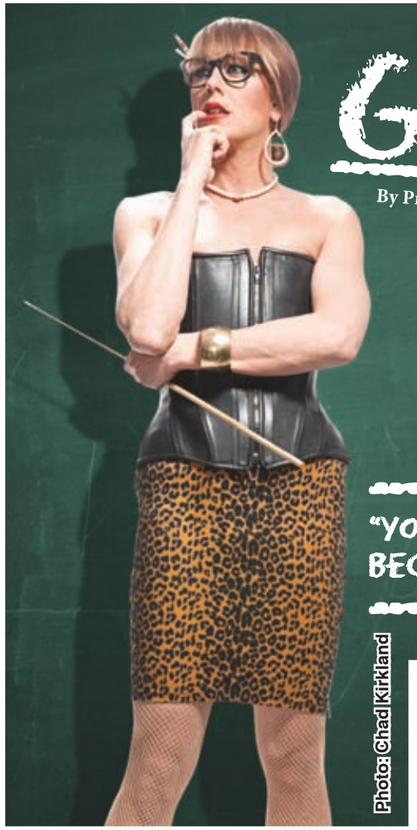
I was impressed by so many things at *The Garage:* The staff was prompt and courteous, the location was both far removed from the hustle and bustle of our capital city and yet right there in the middle of it. Although much attention has been paid in getting the place to look like a rough and tumble roadhouse bar, the warmth and familiarity you feel when you walk inside completely sets your mind at ease. You will keep coming back, for both food and drink. Even though it's set against the alien backdrop of a working oil refinery, *The Garage* still manages to provide all the comforts of home.


Photo: Katie Panzer









GAYBONICS

By Princess Kennedy *Facebook.com/princess.kennedy*

"YOU BEST HAVE BROUGHT YOUR LIBRARY CARD BECAUSE YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET READ!"

Photo: Chad Kirkland

At the beginning of the year, the 801 was bestowed with the honor of being named the gayest city in America by *Advocate Magazine*. This came as a shock to parts of the country, but, as I explained it to my friends, though it's true that we have less of a night-life presence than NY or LA—we don't have the tourist trade to pack our bars every night—we have the most gays per capita, and I think all of Salt Lake already knew how gay we are.

The gays coined the term "gay" themselves in an old form of gay speak called Polari. It has nothing to do with being happy at all because I know some bitter Marys, honey, so gay ain't nothin' to do with cheerful funny people. It's an acronym for "Good As You." It's ironic that it should come to our fair city, as it's the one statement Salt Lake has been trying to convey for a hundred plus years, from Mormon, to gay, we are just as good and getting better than the rest.
Polari was a form of communication devised as part of a secret coded language amongst the homos starting in London in the early 20th century. I picture **Oscar Wilde** bantering Polari at the cafés, using words like everyone uses today—basic English slang like butch, trolling, basket, campy, drag. Back then, bummin' across Europe had a totally different meaning.

The vernacular has roots in Italian, Yiddish, Gypsy and circus slang, and it is said that listening to a Polari conversation was literally like listening to a foreign language. It's no wonder, because the harsh punishments that came from being an abomination in the public eye demanded discretion. Its popularity continued up until the later 1960s, when the gay revolution took hold and Polari fell out of favor.

I thought that since you are surrounded by gays on every side, Professor Princess could help you converse with us LGBTQs and teach you the new Polari: Gaybonics.

We actually still use words from old Polari such as hoofin'—to go dancing, crimper—hairdresser (although the term hair burner is becoming more en vogue) and trade—who you picked up last night, such as, "Johnny is into rough/black trade."

Here are a few more words you can drop with your gay friends to up your gay street cred.

Who we are:
Within the gay subculture there are subsections, all with labels. "Twink" is a cute young gay. In old Polari, the term was "chicken" until the 1990s when the Brits came up with the term "twinkie" a smooth-bodied, starry-eyed boy, short for "twinkle toes." There are trannys, of course, and a lot of gays refer to each other as queens. There are muscle queens, who are the big buff gym bunnies; bears, the big fat hairy guys; and leather men, who look like bikers and are actually linked very closely to the bears for some reason. On the lady side, there are butchies and fems, who can also be called lipsticks. Other words to describe them are luppies and lezzy professionals, and family-oriented ladies are dykes with tykes.

What we do:
If we are specifically on the hunt for a one-night hook up, it's called "cruising." We travel in "gaggles" and when we dance, we twirl 'round the dance floor. If I look good, my friends tell me to "work it out, Mary." If you say something stupid, I don't like you or I feel like being mean: "I'ma read you for filth"—I'm going to embarrass you publicly. For example, Friend: "I just got my hair done." Me: "By whom, **Helen Keller**?" You can prepare the recipient with a precursor of, "You best have brought your library card because you're about to get read!"

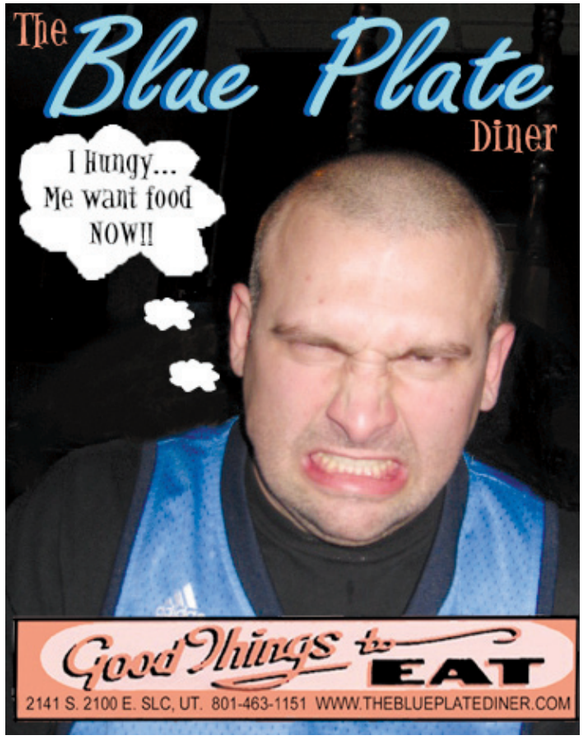
Sexually, there are terms like top and bottom, which are self-explanatory, but there are butch tops and hungry bottoms, or power bottoms, which are boys who take it hard and long, and are usually size queens. Oh, here's a good "read" for a bossy friend: "Queen, stop being such a party pass around bossy bottom!" Another sexual gay thing you've never heard of: docking. It's where you and your partner encase your uncut cocks like two balloon ends and jack off.

ABOVE ALL, DON'T SAY FIERCE, IT SOUNDS LIKE "GROOVY" TO US WHEN STRAIGHT PEOPLE SAY IT.

What you can't get away with:
No snapping. It was once practiced after a "read," but has simply been replaced with the word "snap" and done with a slight bobbing of the head. Don't tell us you have a gay cousin/friend—we're gay, not black. Straight people are NOT allowed to say fag or queer, but we definitely are. Never lisp when imitating a gay, you'll ruffle feathers and it's flawed. Above all, don't say fierce, it sounds like "groovy" to us when straight people say it.

I could go on and on and on, but I will stop here to let it sink in. At least now you're armed with enough info to help keep you in the fruit loop of any conversation you happen across at the tearoom.
Good luck and stay fierce, Miss Thing.









MIKE BROWN'S

Official Guide to Sobriety



NAME: By Mike Brown | INFO: mikebrown@slugmag.com

This January, I did something I haven't done in a long time—I got sober. I know what you must be thinking: This had to have been court ordered, right? No. There was no rock bottom, no moment of clarity, no family intervention and no admitting I was powerless over a liquid. It was just a simple New Year's resolution to do a bit of self-reflection. Who knows, maybe I would save some money, too?

During January, I gave some friend-girls a ride home from the bar. They were both upset with their boyfriends' drinking and acting retarded, so they decided to deal with that by going to the bar and getting drunk. On the ride home, one of them said, "Mike Brown, will you teach our boyfriends how not to drink? If you can do it, they can." And gosh darn it, maybe she was right.

I have my own set of steps for obtaining a sober lifestyle—there are less than twelve and they are more specific. The twelve steps are somewhat vague and boring. My recipe for the word of wisdom might not work for you, but it's a lot more fun than sitting through an AA meeting, listening to people talk about the dark side of the bottle. If it helps—it helps. If it doesn't—fuck off. I don't care—I'm not trying to sell the formula.

STEP 1: **DECIDE TO GET SOBER.** This doesn't mean stop drinking. You can keep getting as fucked up as you want as long as you pick a day to stop. I wanted to keep rallying through the holidays. The amount of extra time I have to spend around my family during Christmas makes not drinking not an option—so I picked January 1.

STEP 2: **QUIT ANOTHER VICE WHILE YOU QUIT DRINKING.** This step may be optional, depending on your willingness to give something else up, but in a weird way, it's easier to quit two addictive things at once. I chose cigarettes. Whenever I was jonesing for booze, I told myself I was jonesing for cigarettes, and when I was jonesing for cigarettes, I told myself I was jonesing for booze.

It works in a fucked up way. Mathematically, when you multiply two negatives you get a positive—the mass jonesings cancel each other out and you won't crave either. It confuses your brain's pleasure center into what it's actually craving. Your brain says, "fuck it," and you end up doing the dishes or something productive.

STEP 3: **QUARANTINE YOURSELF.** This means no going out to the bar or shows or anywhere else you like to crack a cold one. It may help to not tell any of your friends you plan on not drinking for a while. If your friends are like mine, they are mostly drunk assholes that will do their best to break you.

Stock up on the proper provisions to keep you in your apartment. For me, that included groceries, video games (***Skyrim***), pornography and a bunch of weed. The cravings throughout the first couple days are by far the strongest—counteract them with masturbation. Since you will be beating off a lot those first couple days, the self-quarantine is that much more important. Most people don't want to be seen pulling their pud.

STEP 4: **SMOKE A BUNCH OF WEED.** I don't hold weed in high regard. I don't put it on a pedestal or worship it. That's what stupid hippies do. I see weed with the same eyes that I see coffee. If I drink too much coffee, I get the jitters and I need to pee a lot. If I smoke too much weed, I eat more chips than usual and I need a nap. But smoking weed is not getting fucked up.

You will probably have trouble sleeping that first week without whiskey, and you will need to zonk yourself out somehow. Most people in AA are on some sort of sleeping pill provided by a doctor. Provide yourself some healthy green bong rips before bed.

STEP 5: **BUY SOMETHING STUPID YOU DON'T NEED WITH THE MONEY YOU SAVED.** I didn't even wait until my month was up. I bought a 47-inch flat screen after two weeks of not drinking. I used to almost always be drunk when I watched TV, making not having high def not that big of a deal. But trying to watch a fuzzy screen while sober just wasn't cutting it. Saving money and buying material items can be a great motivator for sobriety. Remember that.

STEP 6: **PLAN YOUR RELAPSE CAREFULLY AND HAVE FUN WITH IT.** In drug rehab, all the therapists say that relapse is part of recovery. That being said, it's probably important to plan it out and make a party of it. Who says you have to be alone talking to a full bottle, crying about how you're powerless? Me? This was the funnest Super Bowl I've had in years.

Feel free to add your own steps before, after, or in between mine! But if you follow my six steps, you'll get sober in half the time of following twelve! You're fucking welcome.

As far as the self-reflection goes, here's what I learned about myself this month: Sobriety makes me grumpy and lame to be around, and I really like soda pop and candy when I'm sober. I might have traded in liver failure for diabetes.

Mike Brown's steps to sobriety can be done in half the time as the traditional 12.



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UPCOMING SCREENING & EVENT SCHEDULE

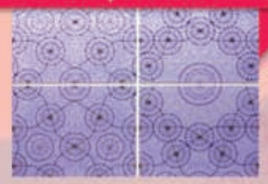
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WORLD PREMIERE

ARC OF LIGHT: A Portrait of Anna Campbell Bliss

Directed by Cid Collins Walker/ Anna Campbell Bliss will be in attendance for a post screening Q+A.

This film traces the broad spectrum of Anna Campbell Bliss's life and work, ranging from the aesthetic influences of her early childhood and her career as a Harvard-trained architect to her emergence as a cutting-edge artist whose work fuses an astonishing range of elements.

FRIDAY, APRIL 13 – 7PM



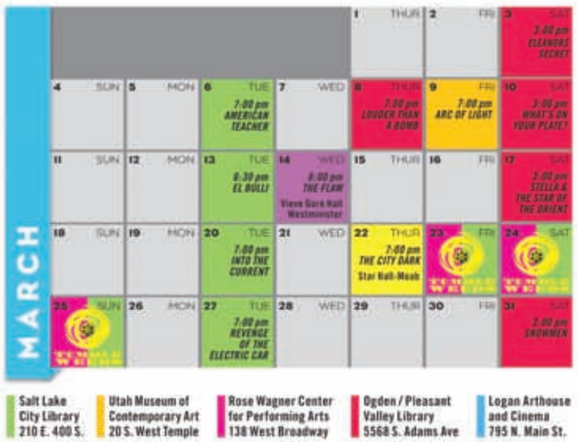
SHIT YEAR

Directed by Cam Archer

Shot as a highly stylized expression piece, this film attempts to describe the isolation of actress Colleen West (Ellen Barkin) as she attempts to embrace her retirement. Isolation breeds bad behavior as Colleen attempts to entertain herself, blurring the line between fantasy, hallucination and reality.

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Earth released part two of *Angels of Darkness Demons of Light* in Feb. 2012

By Ricky Vigil | *ricky@slugmag.com*

In the world of heavy metal, the music of Earth has become legendary. The deafening style of drone doom pioneered by **Dylan Carlson** in the early '90s helped to shape an entire subset of metal, influencing the likes of **Boris**, **Sunn O)))** and a large contingent of the **Southern Lord Records** stable—a stable to which Earth currently belongs. Hell, the band even takes its name from the original incarnation of **Black Sabbath**. But if one were to blindly listen to Earth's recent aural offerings, metal would not come to mind—perhaps folk, blues or even jazz may, but not metal. "I've always thought of genres as something the audience or the marketers place on you," says Carlson, the sole continuous member of Earth throughout the group's existence. Drummer **Adrienne Davies** echoes this sentiment: "I think it's pretty hard for us to fall rigidly within the lines of any specific genre," Carlson says. "To me it's always just been rock n' roll, and that's enough."

Even though it has been seven years since Earth substituted their Sunn amps and smashed guitars for the sparse, moody and strikingly non-amplified tones of *Hex*, their style of music is still arresting. Carlson and Davies have been the constants, Davies' glacial drumming anchoring Carlson's bluesy guitar and Earth's rotating cast of additional musicians to the spooky soundscapes of each Earth album. There's a sense of space and weight as the carefully calculated instrumental arrangements resonate with parts of the human brain that language never could. "To me, music sort of transcends just writing about something or speech because it conveys meaning on different levels," Carlson says. "Music is the oldest form of communication and interaction among humans other than hunting or sex. There's an ecstatic quality to it that transcends any sort of labeling." Even though the band has left behind the constant layer of feedback that permeated their early work, they continue to be defined by the fully engrossing nature of their music. "We still have the heaviness, but there's more to it than the heaviness now," says Davies. "Before, it was very thick substance that no light ever got through. Now it's more [translucent]—Light can shine through it."

The band's most recent effort, *Angels of Darkness, Demons of Light*, was released in two volumes—part one in February 2011 and part two in February 2012. Carlson and Davies were joined by bassist **Karl Blau** and cellist **Lori Goldston**. The addition of the cello introduced an interesting dynamic to Earth, bending the Western-tinged, organ-heavy style of the band's previous album, *The Bees Made Honey in the Lion's Skull*, into something that invokes British folk music and classical while retaining the band's trademark sense of weight. However, the decision to split the recordings from the *Angels of Darkness* sessions into two separate releases was not pre-meditated. Before going into the studio to record the album, Carlson became quite ill, though he has since recovered. "At the time I thought this might be the last Earth record, so I wanted to get as much done as possible," Carlson says. Working once again

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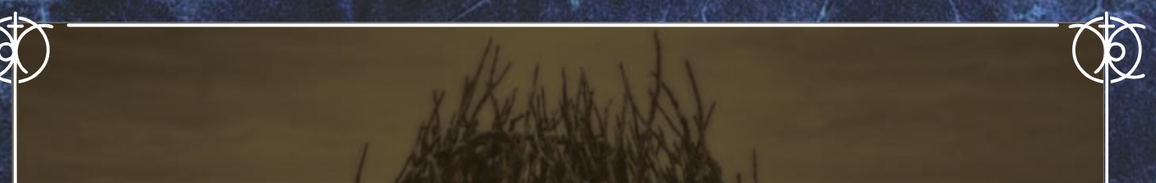
with **Stuart Hallerman**, who produced *Earth 2* way back in 1993, the band became instantly comfortable and was able to record all of the songs they had prepared much more quickly than expected. With extra time and extra tape, Earth made the decision to record a number of largely improvised songs—a first for the band. Much of the power of Earth's music comes from its precision—the songs are incredibly slow, but that makes each strum of the guitar and each hit of the drum so much more important. "In our early albums, especially *Hex* and *Bees*, the sound we were going for was much more dense, it was much more of a studio project. There are just so many layers, overdubs, guitars, Wurlitzer, lap steel, so much going on that the drums had to be absolutely bare bones, sparse, precise, so restrained just to leave room, otherwise it would too much of a mash up of different things going on," says Davies. The opportunity to improvise was somewhat freeing for Davies. "We wanted a live sound that breathed, where there were open spaces—something that felt like four different musicians just playing together in a room. That really let the drums step forward and become almost a lead instrument. I could throw fills in without thinking I was muddying the mix and I could play a lot more spontaneously—I didn't have to have absolute restraint at all times." However, the band were no strangers to improvisation, as Earth's live shows often see the band altering their songs substantially. "It's so much more exciting if you're on tour for six or eight weeks playing shows every night to know that you have that space to develop, you have somewhere to go to," says Davies.

The concept of music changing and growing as it is being produced also informs Earth's attitude towards music as a tangible object. "It's unfortunate that we have to engage in the fiction of music ownership, but that's the world that we exist in at the moment," Carlson says. Davies says, "I'm in a real struggle with myself about it because I do believe music shouldn't be controlled, bought and sold. The other side of it is if you want musicians to be able to do what they do, they have to be able to pay for insurance and pay for a van and all of these other things."

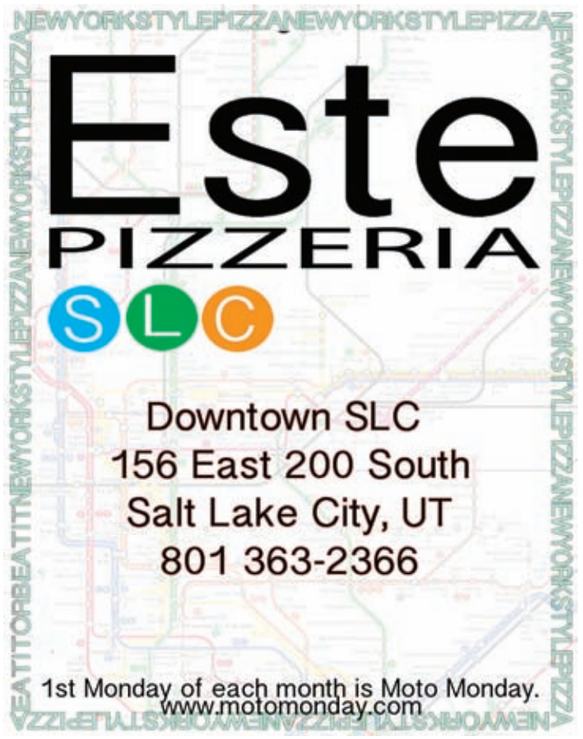
To combat the double-edged sword that is music ownership, Earth has become dedicated to making the tangible manifestation of their music something their fans will actually want to own. "I hate to sound like a businessman or a mercenary or whatever, but nowadays with the downloading and all that, you have to do something with your merchandise that makes it special and makes people want it," Carlson says. The cover art for recent Earth albums has been particularly great, and Southern Lord is well known for the quality of their vinyl releases and packaging. "I like vinyl. I'm an old fucker. When the vinyl comes out, it feels like I've actually done something. Even in the early days with the first **Sub Pop** EP, there was no vinyl," Carlson says. "Yeah, I got something out and I was excited about it, but I didn't really feel like I had done an album until *Earth 2* came out on vinyl." Both *Angels of Darkness* albums feature cover art by **Stacey Rozich**, and the vinyl versions have images of her art etched on the D-sides. "I used to be a control freak about [the cover art], especially in the Sub Pop years," Carlson says. "I designed the covers. Now I find an artist I like and pretty much let them do their thing. We usually give them an advance copy of whatever we have available. I do what I do and I let other people do what they do, and that seems to work better—I've yet to be disappointed by it." It seems Earth's fans have yet to be disappointed as well, since vinyl copies of their Southern Lord albums are increasingly harder and harder to come by.

This month, Earth will embark on a European tour. Rejoined by Karl Blau, who was absent from the band for much of 2011, this tour will mark the first time that Earth has played much of the material from *Angels of Darkness, Demons of Light II*. After the tour, Carlson will head to England to record his first solo album outside of Earth. "It's gonna be English folk songs, or at least my poor interpretations of them, especially when dealing with occult themes [such as] human and faerie interactions," Carlson says. "I'm gonna do some field recordings at various sites of such occurrences in England. That'll probably be primarily acoustic instrumentation. I have some friends who are going to do the vocals, it'll be all female singers." The ambitious project was successfully funded via Kickstarter in early February, and it will also include a DVD of Carlson's performances at these sites as well as an illustrated book.

Maybe Carlson's solo project will finally disassociate Earth with their early sound and move Carlson firmly away from the time when he included muscle cars on his album art. Or maybe this will further ingratiate him with the metalhead crowd, who have shown an interest in the occult since the days of Sabbath and **Led Zeppelin**. Ultimately, though, neither of those things matter. If nothing else, the music of Carlson and Earth has strongly emphasized the fluid nature of music and understanding. At the end of the day, only one thing matters, according to Carlson: "Like I said, that's always why I've liked rock n' roll—that ecstatic feeling it gives you."











XIU XIU:

NOISE POP, SEX CAMS AND WATER PLAY

By Cody Hudson • *codyhhh@gmail.com*

Xiu Xiu releases** Always **on March 6.

Xiu Xiu has been a facet of the indie music scene for nearly a decade, and has never ceased to be interesting. With work that ranges from morose and purposefully uncomfortable, to noise pop masterwork, Xiu Xiu continues to build a following. With their newest album, *Always,* coming out March 6, singer/songwriter **Jamie Stewart** set aside some time to discuss the album, piracy and water play.

***SLUG*:** You seem to enjoy incorporating some pretty unconventional noises and instruments in your albums. Was there anything particularly strange in use on *Always*?
Stewart: I got really into krautrock while we were making it, so analog synths. For this one, we focused on instruments that were fundamentally made to be melodic instruments and tried to make unusual sounds with them. We generally use sounds that are not fundamentally melodic and force them to be so.

***SLUG*:** In your *Huffington Post* article this last November, you wrote about how your ability to make a living has changed, even making a joke about iTunes. Has the switch to digital media actually had that strong of an impact on your life?
Stewart: I have gone from needing to tour for about three months a year to needing to tour about six or seven months to make a living. While it is totally great to play, and I really appreciate the opportunity and privilege to get to play that often … It is a really physically taxing way to make a living, and it isn't particularly safe.

***SLUG*:** Do you think it is due to piracy or just the switch to digital media and the low prices that have come with that?
Stewart: I wouldn't attribute it to digital media in and of itself. I would definitely attribute it to piracy.

***SLUG*:** Has the recent resurgence in vinyl sales made a noticeable difference in revenue?
Stewart: Yeah absolutely, the downside to that is that the cost of making vinyl records is really high. The profit margin for record labels and bands is pretty miniscule. The fact that people are remembering that music is something to value, rather than some sort of inconsequential throw away item that is presumed to be free is sort of encouraging. Listening to records on vinyl requires you to focus on what you're listening to, so for the listener, it invariably leads to a more satisfying experience.

***SLUG*:** You also mentioned having stories not appropriate for *Huffington Post … SLUG* will print pretty much anything; do you have any particularly lewd stories to share?
Stewart: There was one specific one. We had been on a really long tour with a band that we hated, so we were feeling a little high-strung. One night in Minneapolis after our show, we went to a liquor store and bought twelve 40s and about 40 doughnuts. We had begun to iron the doughnuts, and I ended up in the bathtub. We were filling up the bathtub and throwing the donuts in. I stood up and peed in a plastic bag and poured the rest of my beer into the plastic bag then cut a whole in the bottom and drank the beer and pee. Our tour manager then peed into the bathtub while I was in there. When I got out, he bent me over and then puked on my butt, my naked butt. And then later put me back in the bathtub to wash me off, and he then took a crap in the toilet and placed it in my hands. That is all I remember, but I heard the next morning that it took about two hours to clean up.

SLUG: Are you still lurking sex cam sites?
Stewart: I haven't been doing it, but it was only about ten days ago—it's not like I quit doing it six months ago. I started doing it for titillation, but found it was more interesting when you would come across one where there was nobody there just an empty shot of a desk, and see their dildos or vibrators spread amongst these stuffed animals. It was fascinating to see how people decided to present themselves. I think it is a setting that people could turn into something astoundingly artistic and peculiar. People looking at that stuff tend to be open to just about anything.

***SLUG*:** Do you think there is a market for artsy sex cam websites?
Stewart: People are looking to that as an alternative to what is going on in their everyday life, and I think the more far out it is, the more satisfying it could be for somebody.

Pick up Xiu Xiu's new album, *Always,* when it hits stores on March 6.









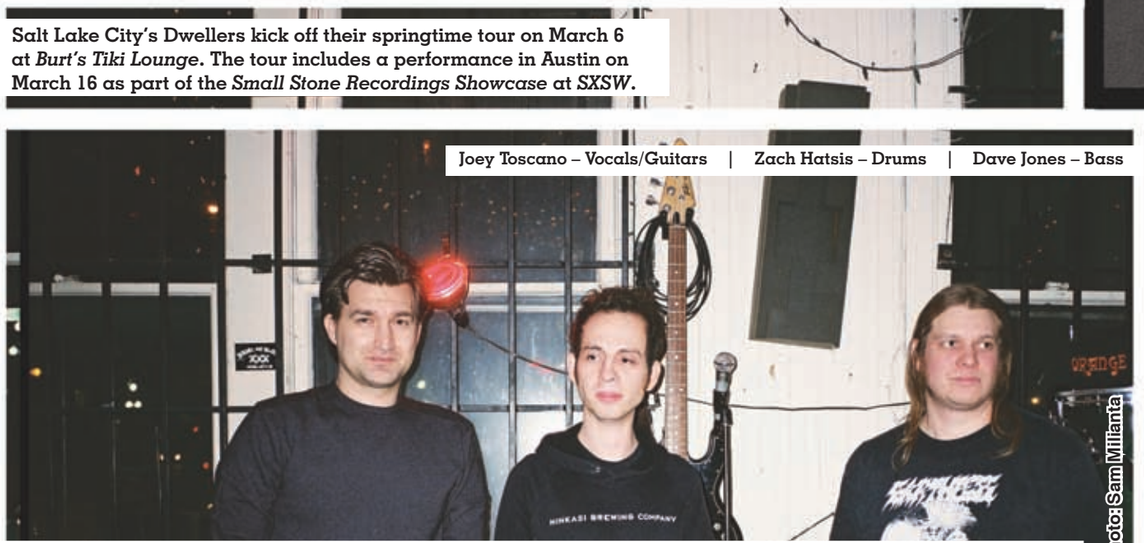
GUT ROCK HARAKIRI

DWELLERS

DARK JAMS CUT DEEP

by Henry Glasheen | *henryglasheen@msn.com*

Salt Lake City's Dwellers kick off their springtime tour on March 6 at *Burt's Tiki Lounge*. The tour includes a performance in Austin on March 16 as part of the *Small Stone Recordings Showcase* at *SXSW*.



Joey Toscano – Vocals/Guitars | Zach Hatsis – Drums | Dave Jones – Bass

Photo: Sam Milianta

In a room lit by Christmas lights strung up in the rafters, only partially shielded from the sound of cars driving along 400 South, the three members of Dwellers reminisce about their band's beginnings. Originally started as an audition to play drums in **Iota**, guitarist **Joey Toscano** called **Zach Hatsis** of **Subrosa** and **Laughter** to practice with him in a guest room in his house. Soon, they found themselves playing what they refer to as "gut rock," a sort of non-genre of writing fun, simple music born of gut feelings and instinct. "We didn't want to play anything that was genre-specific," says Toscano, who thinks using the name gut rock has helped their writing process. "If we ever thought about [a part] more than five minutes, we'd just look at each other and say, 'Fuck it, man! Gut rock!' and that would make us choose the simplest path." For a year, the two jammed together and released a four-song demo, which displayed a more raw, Southern side of the band's heavy psychedelic blues. But going forward, they needed a bass player. Hatsis' Subrosa bandmate **Dave Jones** expressed interest in joining the band, and when Dwellers moved into their current practice space, he was finally able to join them.

Toscano's previous work has been primarily with Iota, whose heavy psychedelic undertones show through in Dwellers, which he says is "everything in Iota that I wanted to do." Though, he is careful to point out that nothing in Iota is holding him back: "I always wanted to focus more on dynamics and write songs that are more expressive. I purposefully set out to have less massive distortion and more honesty. Distortion is great, but you can hide behind it," he says. In his eyes, "Dwellers definitely set out to be very honest in its approach," instead of gunning for a certain genre or sound.

Good Morning Harakiri, officially being released March 13 by *Small Stone Recordings*, owes its vibrant beats to Hatsis' inventive and skillful drumming. Yet his contributions to the album also extend to less conventional forms of percussion. Finding a vibraphone in **Andy Patterson**'s recording studio, he quickly found a couple of space-rock-inspired segments to incorporate the instrument into the album. "One of my favorite things about this project is that we can layer the fuck out of it with really simple stuff, using different instrumentation. It just adds color to the record," says Hatsis, who is happy to make use of his extensive background in percussion. "I find myself with a shit-eating grin on my face whenever we play, which is always a good thing."

Jones has ventured into the realm of dark rock n' roll before with his band **Old Timer**. He claims that Dwellers' heavy blend of blues and classic rock drew him into the group. "It's everything I like, mixed together," says Jones—but it was more than just a simple question of taste: "I definitely like working with [Toscano and Hatsis], because they're easy to work with and things just flow. You're not banging your head against the wall," Jones says. Hatsis agrees, "It's a no-brainer with Dave. He's great to play with."

Even with its full lineup of metal veterans, Dwellers never fully crosses over into the riff-haunted domain of metal. Yet, some still apply the label to their music. "I just don't see heavy metal in Dwellers at all," says Toscano, who feels the label encourages prejudicial listening. "It's not anything negative. I love metal, I grew up with metal. I'm a metalhead." Yet the problem arises because the band's members sincerely wish to tap a different realm of influences. "Obviously there's going to be some bleed-over," says Hatsis, "but I want this band, and I think everyone's on the same page, to be going out a totally different vein than previous bands we've been in."

Dwellers will be playing the Austin, Texas *SXSW* music conference this March, shortly after the release of *Good Morning Harakiri*. "The very first year I went there, I just went and saw pretty much all the bands I'd ever wanted to see in three days," says Toscano, who says that the experience drove him to come back later and play at the event. "It made me realize that you don't have to be some big deal just to go out there and play." The focus on smaller and lesser-known artists makes *SXSW* a great place for a local band like Dwellers to get some national exposure, which will aid the band in their plans to tour more extensively throughout the states.

However, *SXSW* is just one of many destinations the band has in mind. So far, tour ideas include the Northwest and California, with a possible tour on the east coast after recording their next album in Boston's *Mad Oak* recording studio. Their goals are long term and ambitious, but their focus is still on their honest commitment to gut rock, which hasn't let them down so far. "I think if you're not having fun playing music, you're doing it wrong," says Hatsis.







NEW LABEL, NEW SOUND: CEREMONY GETS A CLEAN CAGE

By Dylan Chadwick • *dylanchadwick@gmail.com*

Lemme tell you about 2005. Fresh outta high school and living on my own, I was nurturing a malnourished soul on a heady diet of rage, bitter hopelessness and hardcore. I don't recommend the approach, but it makes for decent writing. Somehow, I got my paws on the debut 7" *Ruined* by a California band called Ceremony, and my whole world changed. I saw the future and found peace with the world, maaan. Just kidding. Things still sucked, but I dug the record a lot. *Ruined* featured short songs, venomous lyrics and a resonant violence that shook me with all the subtlety of a nailgun to my crotch. "It's dog eat dog in a place like this/ Every man for himself so I use my fists!" Good gravy, I need to punch something right now.

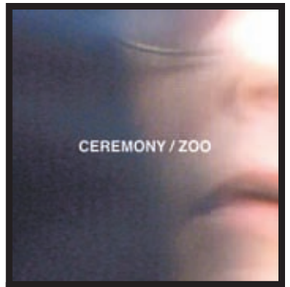
But this ain't about me and my Holden Caulfield complexes. It's not even really about hardcore. It's about Ceremony, a band that has slagged through the hardcore circuit for the better half of a decade, poised and ready with an album of new jams slated for release on the indie juggernaut **Matador Records**.

Zoo, twelve cuts of tuneful despondency, finds the band stretching beyond their "razor-to-the-throat" approach, listlessy incoporating strains of surf, post-punk and goth into their acrid blend of melody and bleakness. While the approach can whip Internet hardcore kids into a snotty-nosed, finger-pointing frenzy, guitarist **Anthony Anzaldo** says it's just part of the biz. "We don't go into the songwriting process and say, 'Hey, let's not write fast parts,' or, 'Let's try to sound exactly like this!' It's really not a conscious thing." Regardless, having fine-tuned their chops over countless US tours and a handful of releases, Ceremony's focus has certainly shifted.

The title itself, *Zoo*, is a reference to the absurdity of human interactions and commodification. We pay to watch people act, to make music, to play sports. We even pay to see them bump uglies from time to time. It's a curious observation, penned in a statement on the band's website via vocalist and principal lyricist **Ross Farrar**. "Ross is trying to see the good in people and the things that we do," says Anzaldo. "Not to focus on how we hurt one another like he did in the past." The shift brought about new critical attention and when Matador label reps caught wind of 2010's *Rohnert Park*, they came to a raucous L.A. show and offered to release the band's next record. While not specifically known for a hardcore roster (excluding **Fucked Up**), the influential label seemed a good fit, and the band enthusiastically agreed. "Everyone there loves music as art," says Anzaldo. "You go into **Robby** [**Morris**, Matador's A & R representative]'s office and he's got original **Minor Threat**, **Negative Approach** and **Necros** flyers on his wall."

While the label change will expose the band to a more eclectic audience, Anzaldo is all too aware that certain fans will jump ship. "We're going to lose fans with every release," he says. "I remember when *Scared People* came out, which I thought was pretty similar to the previous record, and it was just too left of center for some people. That's cool. No one has to like our band." The phenomenon has plagued punk and hardcore bands since the salad days of yore, and exposure and opportunity bring about new challenges to credibility. Still, Anzaldo maintains that any deliberate effort to halt or impede the evolution of the band, to repeatedly re-write the same record, is antithetical to the ultimate goal.

"We still look at ourselves as a band that plays basements to thirty people. That's where we come from," he says, "but we've grown so much as individuals." With plans to share the stage with **The Rival Mob**, **Pissed Jeans**, **Hoax**, **Nails**, **Cold World** and even **Old Firm Casuals**, Ceremony show no signs (despite the incessant bleating of message board naysayers) of abandoning the hardcore scene that spawned them.

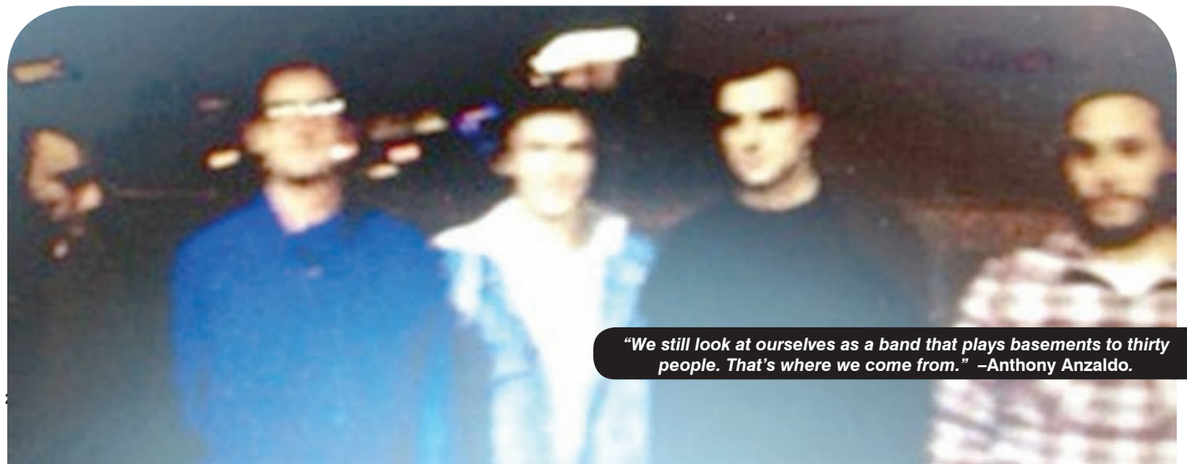


Ceremony releases their fourth album and Matador Records debut, Zoo, on March 6.

Zoo certainly isn't lackluster either. Sure, it lacks mosh parts and thirty-second ragers, but it thrums with the same nervous urgency that's permeated Ceremony's discography since inception. It's a triumphant step into a new plane that suits the band just fine. Out of step? You betcha.

So, lemme tell you about 2012. I've finished college, travelled a bit and seen some shit. Not 'Nam vet shit, but mid-twenties male shit. Anger's given way to exasperation, and any desire I had to tear the world a new one has given way to apathy and the overwhelming urge to marry, mate and begin my slow crawl into damning adulthood. I haven't thrown a decent punch in years. I sit at home, write and think about the things that keep me sane: some friends, clean sheets and all the hilarious YouTube videos I can shake a stick at. Then I listen to *Zoo* and think about applying for a better job. Please don't feed the animals.

Ceremony will be performing at *SXSW* in Austin, TX as part of the *Power of the Riff* showcase on March 16 at *Scoot Inn* and March 17 at *Red 7* as part of the *Flowerbooking SXSW Showcase*.



"We still look at ourselves as a band that plays basements to thirty people. That's where we come from." –Anthony Anzaldo.









Photos: Veronica Barra

CHOMPIN' CANDY COATED VICODIN WITH XRAY EYEBALLS

BY JEANETTE D. MOSES • *JEANETTE@SLUGMAG.COM*





Check out Xray Eyeballs' newest release, *Splendor Squalor,* on their bandcamp page, *xrayeyeballs.bandcamp.com*.

I first encountered Brooklyn's **Xray Eyeballs** last October during *CMJ* at the *Mercury Lounge* in New York City, opening for **Dum Dum Girls**. Moments before they took the stage that night, I met lead singer and guitarist **O.J. San Felipe** as he was trying to sort out the bar tab for his band. He seemed discouraged when the bartender told him that the tab was for band members only, and that he couldn't order more than one drink at a time. I asked what band he was in and he enthusiastically responded "Xray Eyeball!" with a noticeable accent. Five minutes later, he and his three stunningly beautiful band mates (San Felipe is currently the only male member of the band) took the stage.

Although their half-hour set suffered from some sound problems, I was surprised by how upbeat Xray Eyeballs were onstage, how much fun they looked like they were having and how little material was played from their debut album, *Not Nothing.* That album featured eleven mellow, dreamy pop songs, but unfortunately, at times they blended into an indiscernible mash. Turns out, by the time I caught them live, they'd solidified a new line up, adding **Liz Lohse** on guitar and synth, **Sarah Baldwin** on the drums and had just finished recording their second (and then unannounced) full-length album, *Splendor Squalor.* "We started playing [the songs from *Splendor Squalor*] right around the time you saw us. They were fresh. We ironed out most of those songs while we were recording," says San Felipe. *Splendor Squalor* was released on Feb. 28 on **Kanine Records**.

San Felipe says the group spent about two weeks in the studio for *Splendor Squalor*, recording basic tracks during the first week and working on overdubs during the second. "[The songs on] *Not Nothing* were kicking around for a while. Those were our first songs. [The songs on] *Splendor Squalor*, we wrote those during [recording,]" San Felipe says.

While *Not Nothing* was filled with gloomy goth influences and songs that sounded very similar, *Splendor Squalor* kicks things up a notch for the band. The songs are catchy and remain distinguishable from one another. The songwriting is more intelligent and, with Lohse playing synths, the '80s new wave influence is more apparent. **Carly Rabalais**, who helped found the band with San Felipe, has a more prominent vocal role, too, harmonizing regularly with San Felipe throughout the album instead of simply singing backup. Rabalais and San Felipe both agree that the line-up changes over the past year have helped create a better dynamic for Xray Eyeballs. As soon as the driving drum beat of "Four" opened the new album, I knew Xray Eyeballs had something new and exciting to offer. Although the goth undertones are still present on *Splendor Squalor,* the garage rock influence moves to the forefront. In the early days of *Not Nothing*, San Felipe often described Xray Eyeballs' songs sounding like dark lullabies about sex and drugs. He says the new material is more like "candy-coated Vicodin."

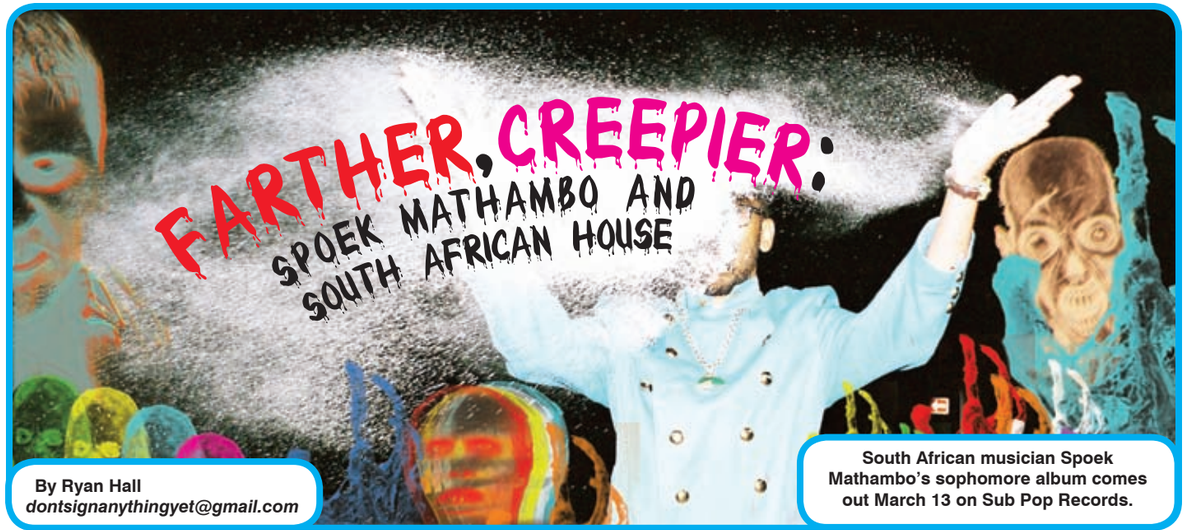
Although the band has already been performing the songs from *Splendor Squalor* since last October, by the time they hit Austin in March for *SXSW,* I'm sure they'll have ironed out the kinks. It's the second year in a row that the band will play the *SXSW* music festival. "Last year it was fun. It is always fun there," San Felipe says. "The food, friends … *Cheer Up Charlies* is a really awesome parking lot. The best thing about *Cheer Up Charlies* is there is a parking lot next to it filled with food trucks. That's where I hung out a lot [last year]. I think I must have sampled all the food trucks."

This year, the band has a packed schedule—eight confirmed shows thus far—which include a plethora of parties and showcases throughout the six days. San Felipe says they are excited for all of them, but the *Hardly Art*/*Sub Pop* showcase, the *Spider House Party* and the *Panache Hangover Party* are some of the most anticipated.

Although the band currently has no plans to tour through Salt Lake City, they've been here before (opening for **Quintron** at *Urban Lounge*) and are open to the idea of coming back. "There was a guy [when we played Salt Lake City last time who] brought his own light show. He let us crash at his house and he had a continental breakfast for us. It was a Mr. T Pez dispenser surrounded by Cheetos. It was amazing."

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By Ryan Hall
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South African musician Spoek Mathambo's sophomore album comes out March 13 on Sub Pop Records.

Before the idea of moving to Africa was even a thing, my love affair with Johannesburg musician/rapper Spoek Mathambo was moving beyond crush-level. There was something about Spoek's 2010 debut, *Mshini Wam,* that seethed with an unplaceable "Otherness" that we Westerners can only associate with Africa. *Mshini Wam* appropriated elements of music that were beginning to reach mainstream accessibility in America. *Mshini Wam* took the "womp" of dubstep and the recent resurgence of house and turned them on their ear. Like a funhouse mirror, the distortions of Western musical output came back to us only to highlight our deep-seated insecurities. Suddenly, dubstep could be violently isolating with its machine-gun repetition (from real machine guns on "Mshini Wam pt. 2") and cochlear-destroying, low-end wobble. House music was ripped away from Ibiza and the stupid grin was smacked off **David Guetta**'s face. It was stripped to a tribal, paranoid back beat. It is also no surprise that 2010 saw "Witch-House" musicians such as **Salem**, **oOoOO** and **Modern Witch** become some of the most blogged-about upstarts.

When I moved to Africa, *Mshini Wam* made sense—not in the sense that I could ever wrap my mind around post-apartheid South Africa, nor the deep-rooted racial tensions that exist, but by being surrounded by African music, Spoek's sound palate and conceit became clearer and less alien.

If you don't own a car and you want to get anywhere in most African countries, you are at the whim of public transportation. When I say whim, I mean you are at the capricious mercy of privately owned "ikhumbis" that speed up and down tar and dirt roads with a middle finger to any sort of safety precautions such as seatbelts, passing lanes, fully inflated tires or rear suspension. South Africa averages about 14,000 road accident deaths a year. What these 15-passenger vans (usually overloaded to 18-21) lack in first-world luxuries like door handles, they make up for with boss sound systems. JL Audio speakers are mounted in just about every one and are played at ear-bleeding, downright heroic levels.

Blaring out of these speakers is a case study in globalization. One khumbi may play nothing but (terrible) African gospel music for your entire four-hour trip, while others may play nothing but slow jams, time-slotted liberally for everything from **Luther Vandross** to **Michael Bolton** to **Bryan Adams**. If you are really lucky, however, you can find a khumbi playing top-40 hip hop or South African house music. My introduction to South African house came in one of these khumbis along with the elucidation of Spoek's raison d'etre.

South African house music is a loose combination of traditional four-on-the-floor house with a molasses-slow BPM mixed with the everything-in-the-blender looseness of Kwaito—a hip hop hybrid formed in South Africa's townships. The beat is locked in a low-end thud for about seven minutes while the mid-section resembles the wood-block knock of the Xhosa language in which much of it is sung. The vocals are murmured with an air of eye-contact-avoiding detachment, well beneath the beat. Plenty of space is left slack for shout-outs and distinctly African vocal articulations ("hai-bo!" "eish," sho!"). It is pretty dumb. It is also really awesome.

Mshini Wam was an entirely fresh, weird approach to South African house. Everything from his performance—playing with a live drummer, guitarist and MIDI-controller—to his high-art video for the **Joy Division** cover "She's Lost Control," eschews the Tsotsi imagery of Kwaito or South African house. Removed from the street-level violence of Joberg, Spoek revealed something much more subversive.

Mshini Wam was named after the recently-banned ANC protest song about armed resistance and makes reference to the African National Congress, African Union, censorship and Somali pirates.

Mshini Wam is a dark, brooding and deeply polarizing album. It did well in some South African circles and was gobbled up internationally by music journalists like me, who had a little-to-no context of the whos or whats in Spoek's world.

Father Creeper, Spoek Mathambo's sophomore album, is coming out on **Sub Pop** on March 13. While *Father Creeper* is a lunar step away from the twisted South African house and dubstep on *Mshini Wam*, his *Nombolo One* mixtape released earlier this year is comprised of 12 covers of formative Kwaito, house, gospel and pop artists from the past four decades, giving a peek into Spoek's African influences. The addition of **Nikolaas Van Reenan** as a guitarist is the best thing to happen to Spoek Mathambo. Road-tested on two tours of the states in 2010, Van Reenan's deft moves between Kenyan Highlife to angular riffage marry Spoek's soulful crooning with frenetic punk energy—think **Donny Hathaway** fronting **Nation of Ulysses**. *Father Creeper* is like nothing coming out of Africa these days, nor will it be in years to come. Huge, dark, dirty, personal as it is political, *Father Creeper* is next-level musicianship and an inward turning on post-apartheid angst.

Spoek has always been a contradiction—township-bred with a classic education. *Father Creeper* is ambitious and diverse, whip-smart and filthy. Since living in Africa, it has started to make sense—this is Africa avant-garde. Spoek is bringing his live band back to the states this year as a showcase artist at *SXSW*. Prepare for this to be one of the most blogged about shows of the year.







SLC TATTOO CONVENTION:

SLUG ASKED LOCAL ARTISTS WHO THEY'RE STOKED FOR, THE WORK THEY WANT TO DO AND WHAT THEY ANTICIPATE FOR THE NINTH ANNUAL TATTOO CONVENTION HAPPENING MARCH 9-11 AT THE SALT PALACE.

HEART OF GOLD

andrewkingtattoos.blogspot.com

ANDREW KING



By Esther Meroño

SLUG: Who are you excited to see at the Tattoo Convention?
King: I'm really excited for **Danny Reed**, and **Uzi** (**Miguel Montgomery**), he's awesome. My good buddy **Ishmael Johnson**, I'm really excited for him because he's guest-spotting with us a week before the convention. He has his own private studio in Fort Collins, Co. (*inkvomit.com*). Uzi works at *American Graffiti* in Sacramento. Danny Reed is just awesome. He does badass tattoos—clean, solid, bold—stuff that looks like a tough old man would be wearing.

SLUG: What do you like or dislike about tattoo conventions?
King: Dealing with tattooers' egos is shitty … just people having attitudes. This convention is really awesome, they always get awesome professionals. Everybody at the shop is working there, taking turns.

SLUG: What's the best tattoo you've seen done at a convention?
King: It was at the *State of Grace* convention in San Jose, some of the best tattoos I've ever seen in my life. Some really cool **Chad Koeplinger** pieces, **Robert Ryan**, **Mario Desa** … It was a lot to take in.

SLUG: What kind of artwork do you want to do at the convention?
King: I'm down to do whatever people come up and want. Cool skulls, roses, snakes, daggers, stuff that makes people feel good about themselves. You can come to me with stars and kanji, and I'm going to make them last. I just want to do walk ups, I want to have my own flash painted and have people pick off of that. I don't like the idea of going to the *Salt Palace* down the street with an appointment.

SLUG: This is your first time tattooing at a convention. How is it going to be different from being at your shop?
King: When I was there before [as a patron], I was just there to chat with friends that were in town tattooing, get paintings or prints, buy machines, buy shirts, get reference books. It's going to be different because I'm going to be in work mode, which I'm hyped about.

SLUG: If you could get tattooed by anyone dead or alive, who would you pick?
King: Bob Wicks, **Cap Coleman**, **Charlie Wagner**, **Stoney St. Clair**… **Horiyoshi I**, that'd be cool … I could go on for hours and hours, I don't have the room to get tattooed by everybody I'd want to.

LOYALTY TATTOO

myspace.com/loyaltytattoos

NICK PHILLIPS



By Megan Kennedy

SLUG: Who are you excited to see at the Tattoo Convention?
Phillips: Kenny Brown from *Jack Brown's Tattoo Revival* in Fredrickberg, VA and **James Cumberland**—he works at *Black Hive Tattoo* in Jacksonville, FL. They work in the traditional style, which is what I work in.

SLUG: Do you plan on getting tattooed by any of them?
Phillips: I'll be getting tattooed by Kenny at the convention. I'm having him do a bulldog head on my kneecap.

SLUG: What do you like or dislike about conventions?
Phillips: They never quite feel like home. Here, I know where everything is, and I'm comfortable. There, you're squeezing a lot of people into a little spot, and sometimes you don't have exactly what you need; like if you're tattooing someone's foot, you may not have a footrest, you may have two chairs and half a table. You improvise. It's a good experience overall, just slightly a pain in the ass.

SLUG: What's the best tattoo you've ever seen done at a convention?
Phillips: This guy **Todd Noble** did a horse and carriage at the San Jose convention a few years ago, and it was on a big guy. He was getting his thigh tattooed and it was the size of my back. The thing was huge, and the artwork was phenomenal. He was probably six to seven hours into it.

SLUG: What do you hope to get out of tattooing at this year's convention?
Phillips: Since it's local, it's nice to drum up business, especially being [in Clearfield], it's good to get a Salt Lake influence. We don't get to do that a lot.

SLUG: What kind of artwork do you want to be doing at the convention?
Phillips: I do mostly traditional, so it would be awesome to do something that's my kind of drawing, instead of adjusting to what other people are into. It comes with the job, of course, but it's always nice when I can go off on something.

SLUG: What's it like to tattoo in a convention setting?
Phillips: It's a little nerve-wracking. You have a lot of really good artists looking over your shoulder. We were at a Virginia convention not long ago and our booth was between two amazing artists: people who have been tattooing a lot longer than me. I was sweating bullets the whole time, but everyone is usually really nice.

IRONCLAD TATTOO

ironcladslc.com

CATFISH AND ERIC SAGER



By Jeanette D. Moses

SLUG: Who are you excited to see at the Tattoo Convention?
Eric: I like **Megan Hoogland** from Minnesota. She does realism. **Karl Marc** from France, I don't know what you would call his style. It looks like Japanese watercolor, more of a painterly design than traditional tattooing.
Catfish: If **Jime Litwalk** comes, that's who I'm most excited to see. He's my biggest influence. He's in Vegas at *Massive Tattoo*. I asked him if he was coming, and he said he is. It's not on the website.

SLUG: Do you plan on getting tattooed by any of them?
Catfish: If Jime has time open, I'd like to get my hand done by him.

SLUG: What do you like or dislike about tattoo conventions?
Catfish: I like meeting the other artists. If you're into buying artwork, that's the best place to do it.
Eric: Or buying machines … There isn't anything I don't like, unless it's real packed. I don't like wandering the aisles with four billion people—hate being nut to butt with every asshole on the planet.

SLUG: What's the best tattoo you've seen done at a convention?
Eric: We watched **Bob Tyrrell** do a tattoo [at *Hell City*], but for the life of me I can't remember what it was.
Catfish: It was a black and gray portrait; we watched him for about an hour.

SLUG: What do you hope to get out of tattooing at this year's convention?
Eric: I'd like to meet some other artists in this city. There are a lot of good artists in [SLC], I just never end up getting to meet a lot of them.
Catfish: Getting our younger guys, like **Craig** [**Secrist**] and **Shae** [**McAfee**], out there, too.

SLUG: What kind of artwork do you want to be doing at the convention?
Catfish: Smaller stuff that won't tie up the whole day. If I could do a whole weekend of cartoon pinups, I'd be set with that. What's nice about being in our hometown is we can push a bigger piece to set up at the shop instead of the convention. I don't want to do quarter-sized kanjis all day. I would say baseball-sized.
Eric: I would say small watermelon-sized pieces.

SLUG: What's it like to tattoo in a convention setting?
Catfish: The first piece of the weekend is always the roughest. You're out of your element, but about a half hour into it, you find your flow.

LOST ART TATTOO

lostarttattoo.com

DEAN BODILY



By Katie Panzer

SLUG: Who are you excited to see at the Tattoo Convention?
Bodily: I don't want to just narrow it down to just a couple. Everyone who comes is family and friends. I get really excited for everybody. Everybody is their own unique character.

SLUG: Do you plan on getting tattooed by any of them?
Bodily: I'm always looking forward to getting tattooed. I don't have any plans. A lot of times, getting tattooed, it's in the moment. I'm supposed to maybe get tattooed by **James Cumberland** (of *Black Hive Tattoo*) out of Florida. We've talked at a few different shows. He has the picture drawn, but it's just a matter of some time. We always end up tattooing and we run out of time.

SLUG: What do you like or dislike about conventions?
Bodily: It lets the public see really top quality tattoos. The one dislike is the misconception that it's like a swap meet, that they're going to get hooked up on a deal. "Oh it's a big group, I can go and get a cheaper tattoo." It's actually guys coming in and paying a lot of money for their traveling expense and you're going to pay their prices. If they're from New York or Europe and they have a higher hourly rate, you're going to pay it because they've traveled to you.

SLUG: What's the best tattoo you've ever seen done at a convention?
Bodily: Last year, I won tattoo of the day. It was a large tiger piece on a kneecap. It seems like every tattoo: The next one you do is your favorite.

SLUG: What kind of artwork do you want to be doing at the convention?
Bodily: My usual style, what's in my book. I mostly do traditional or Japanese stuff. But I specialize in whatever comes to me, from portraits to script, whatever somebody wants. I make that the best I can.

SLUG: What's it like to tattoo in a convention setting?
Bodily: You're outside your element as far as where all your supplies are set up and the lighting. At the convention, you bring your stuff, but it's kind of misplaced—and you're always talking. There's thousands of people there, hundreds of people that are excited to see you. There's a little more distraction as far as a lot more conversation. You have a lot of eyes on you so you want to be at the top of your game.





Illustration: Sean Hennefer

Dear Cop,

Within the last few months one of your "brethren" moved into my building. At first, when I saw the cop car parked in the lot I figured he was staking out the building—maybe there had been some sort of domestic violence issue or a bum hanging out near the elevators. But the car hasn't left and it is parked in the lot every evening. Sometimes it feels okay to have a cop as a neighbor, but most of the time, when I pull into my parking lot, I get freaked out that I might be committing some sort of crime, or worse, that there has been a clerical error and I might get arrested for a speeding ticket that was paid off years ago, but never made it into their system.

If a cop is my neighbor, and he gets to drive his cop car home every day from work, could he potentially arrest me or someone else in my building, even if he is off-duty? Do things like this ever occur? Or are you just going to tell me to quit being so paranoid, put down the bong and chill the fuck out.

Sincerely,

Neighbor of a Cop

That was me, neighbor! You should've introduced yourself.

Sweetie, please, don't put the bong down. The remedy for you is MORE BONG, not less (You ever toked a purple pyramid?). I heard once that "Paranoia can destroy-ya!" But, I digress. Let's start by me answering your questions:

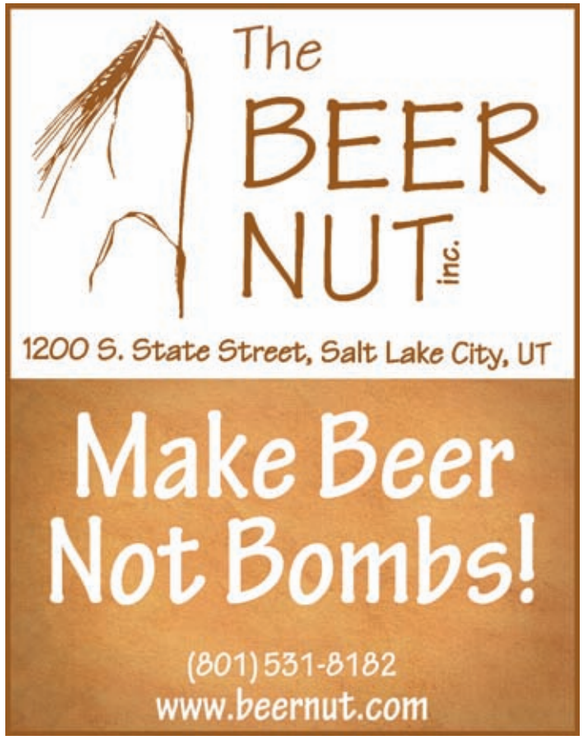
1. Yes, the copper can arrest you, your friends or your bums, even if they're off duty.

2. Yes, things like that happen to me all the time, especially since I live in an apartment complex with bums and wife beaters.

Everyone knows that cops make a shit load of money—you've seen my bling bling and bitchin' BMW. So, why would a cop live in a piece-of-shit apartment complex that houses bums and wife beaters? Well, out of the goodness of my heart, duh. I want to live, breathe and mingle with the citizens I serve. What better way to do so than to worry all night about someone defacing my roller, just plain screwing with it, tagging graffiti on my front door, shitting in a bag on my doorstep and ringing the bell, etc. All cops love this, especially when it affects their kids.

Or, maybe the cop gets a break on his rent, and all he has to do is check the clubhouse doors and complex gates to make sure they're locked. I do this even though I make a million-dollar salary—what a saint I am. The banging on my door in the middle of the night by beaten wives and disenfranchised bums I handle as a bonus YEAH!

Sorry, I apologize—no sarcasm, cops don't take you to jail for unpaid traffic tickets. That's what Highway Patrol troopers are for. I'm sorry, but I just got a raise for the first time in five years. I'm moving to that cool trailer in the park up the street that you've been eyeing. So, sorry for you, but I'm a movin' on up to the East Side! No more domestics and bums for me.





Caustic Curators

Red Light Sound's Five-Year Anniversary

By Alexander Ortega
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This March, **Tia Martinez** and **Jared Russell** will celebrate five years of their label, *Red Light Sound*. Through trials and adversity, the couple has pressed on to showcase auditory art in limited-edition, analog pressings to generate a sense of the value of the music they help produce. Their purpose is to reclaim music as "more of an art piece in the actual product itself," as Russell puts it.

Martinez and Russell opened the doors to *Red Light Books* in 2007 on 179 E. 300 S., which gradually extended into *Red Light Sound* the following autumn. There, they sold various tapes, books and analog recordings of the shows they held in the basement of the shop, and began adding noise, black metal and other extreme experimental music to their label. Though it was difficult to make enough money to keep the store going, they pushed on and provided a space where artists, show-goers and "punk kids" could commune and celebrate fringe art—whether it be obscure noise tapes or a dead-baby art show. Unfortunately, the store closed in 2009 due to a combination of problems with the city. Attempts to re-open the shop in *The Guthrie* building were also thwarted. "I was so heartbroken at that point," says Martinez, which was the sentiment that led them to close *Red Light Books*.

Luckily, Martinez and Russell's passion for *Red Light Sound* withstood the hardship, and they moved their label online. They henceforth found that the networking they had done was paying off, as one of their first online orders came from **Thurston Moore** for an **AODL** release. Russell says, "After we closed our shop and put our stuff online, suddenly it's like, 'Whoa, we're actually … selling shit!'" The couple has persisted in putting out releases in a "slow and steady" manner. Once they released the split **Eagle Twin**/**Night Terror** 7"—right before Eagle Twin was signed to **Southern Lord**—they caught the attention of distributors: "People wanted to carry it automatically. It kind of got us in the door with some distributors," Russell says. They initially released the 7" at $14 because of the glow-in-the-dark insert and its limited pressing of 200 copies; since copies have run out, they now sell on eBay for around $25, which evinces the material value of the work that *Red Light* has helped procure. Now, according to Martinez and Russell, *Red Light Sound* has distribution around the world, from Oakland to New York, and Canada to Finland to Israel, with plans of getting into Italy and the U.K.

The infatuating element of *Red Light Sound*'s growth is that they have maintained the DIY and artistic ethics upon which they founded the *Red Light* entity, and remain extremely selective as to what bands or projects they release on their label. Rather than seeking a specific genre, Russell and Martinez look to exhibit work that appeals to their specific tastes in much the same way as a gallery owner would select paintings that would represent the ethos of her space. Although Martinez contends that she generally likes harsh noise and that Russell is more of the industrial ilk, they find artists who stimulate their senses in an aesthetically subjective manner. Upcoming *Red Light* black metal band **Koltum** exemplifies their approach as Russell says, "[With] that band from Portugal, [Koltum], we heard them and immediately knew."

What's more is the quality with which the two aim to present the pieces they release under *Red Light Sound*. The label continues to release music/noise on seemingly dead media like tapes (and, to a lesser extent, vinyl) to highlight the temporality of music in its physical form, rather than the dispensability of blank CD-Rs. Martinez says, "When [we] sell a tape for 35 dollars and we sell vinyl records for 200 dollars, it keeps the value. It's a physical form of something that can never be replaced. Once that record is gone, it is gone." It's an approach that requires their artists to be patient, as *Red Light* is "not mass-producing this," Martinez continues. "We're going to write a bio we want to send into magazines, we want to give this to people, have them buy it in the right process." Additionally, *Red Light* always bolsters their sense of artistic sensibility with the visual artwork that accompanies their releases. Though their recent success has tentatively led them to putting their releases onto professionally made tapes and (possibly) moving from screen printing to professional printing, the inserts and bios will remain intrinsic characteristics that lend to the releases' auras.

To celebrate five years of *Red Light*, Martinez and Russell will put out five official releases this year: a tape from Koltum; Detroit noise artist **Liable for Abuse**'s first vinyl 7"; a 7" from Russell and **Cache Tolman**'s dub-doom band, **How to Kill**; a new record from AODL; and a new record from **Sex**, Martinez and Russell's collaboration; a combination of Russell's **Night Terror** and Martinez's **Diamonds**. The two separate entities also hope to release tapes on their own. Help support local art from *Red Light Sound* by ordering these—or any other releases—from *redlightslc.com*, or roll into **Raunch Records**, as **Brad Collins** is among the first to receive them for retail. Though it likely won't be on *Red Light*, you should also check out Martinez and Russell's new synthesized "party band," **Radio Club**.



Photo: Jeanette D. Moses

This March, Tia Martinez and Jared Russell celebrate five years of obscure auditory art released through their label.







SECRET AGENT(CY) M(E)N:

UNVEILING SUPER TOP'S SECRETS

BY SHAWN MAYER
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STS -01 RESTRICTED

Working for a design firm is kind of like being a CIA operative. Everything is on a need-to-know basis. Whom you're working for and your exact task at hand are between you and the client—everything else is cloak-and-dagger. You are contracted out for a mission—how you accomplish it depends on you. Like James Bond, there is one agent or agency that comes with referrals and recommendations for their expertise in creative intelligence, Super Top Secret. As a mole, I was able to manipulate the one **Jared Strain** into exposing STS for what it truly is. What follows is a confidential bio of conspiracy, passion and triumph, strictly for *SLUG* readers only—burn after reading. [redacted]

Entering the headquarters of STS is unlike most offices. There are no cubicles or water coolers. In their place are rows of Mac computers and mini fridges stacked full of soda, energy drinks and beers—the latter not to be consumed during business hours, of course. Instead of heading out to the nearest coffee shop to unwind during a lunch break, you'll find a ping pong table and mini ramp (thanks to friends at Celtek) to help you unravel when suffering from brain cramps. This is what sets STS aside from any other company out there: These guys live and breathe the lifestyles they portray in their designs. Strain told me that it was always his dream to have a skate ramp in his office when he grew up, and it was through this infatuation that this firm exists today. [redacted]

Growing up in Lehi, Strain was like most action sports participants, skating everyday and brainstorming ways to one day be a part of the bigger things. "I was always that kid sending in sketches to my first influential brands: Vision, Powell/Peralta and Santa Cruz." But things didn't come to fruition until he enrolled in BYU to hone his skills. As his enthusiasm for design became his priority, he began to peddle skateboards at *Proven Grounds* in Pleasant Grove under the moniker of Declaration Skateboards. It was here that he met *Milo* manager and industry underdog **Benny Pelligrino**. "Benny has always been a huge inspiration for me and an even bigger supporter," Strain recalls. This connection would be the one to plant the seeds of greater things to come, including this year's MiloSport, Oakley, Cottonwood Canyon's goggle collaboration. [redacted]

It wasn't until a vacation to Seattle that Strain would get his official break in the action sports design industry, more importantly. Randomly applying to a design firm called General Public would be his first industry job. "[General Public] was more involved with snowboard design, my second passion. I sent in my resume and was called back in to interview that day," he says. With expectations of a pretentious design firm, Strain arrived at the firm to be greeted by one guy in a small room wearing camo boardshorts and a wife beater. Despite not having a portfolio on hand, the man offered him a job and Strain was in. Soon after, another designer was hired to work with Strain. **Aaron Sather** was fresh out of college and eager to showcase his talents. Over the next three years, Strain and Sather worked on designs

THE SUPER TOP SECRET CREW (L-R): JARED STRAIN, RYAN MARTINDALE, RYAN POTTER AND AARON SATHER IN THEIR DOWNTOWN SALT LAKE CITY OFFICE.



Photo: Katie Panzer

for K2, Ride, Roxy, Morrow and Rossignol. With steady work, paychecks and a good client base, Strain was in professional bliss. One day, the anonymous man in black or green camo decided to toss the proverbial cog in the machine. He wanted out and asked Strain to buy his business. "[I told him] Hell no! I had zero interest in owning a business," he says. [redacted]

Within three days, the offices were cleared and the doors were shut. Fortunately, Strain's and Sather's work had spoken for itself and the clients were persistent on a sustainable relationship. Thus, Death and Taxes was born in 2007. "All those brands we were servicing knew it was Aaron and I doing the work and asked us what we were going to do and why we didn't continue doing what we were. So we set up shop under Death and Taxes," says Strain. Like the name sugggests, it was inevitable. In order to secure payments for their work, they needed a title, not necesarily a business. In the meantime, Strain made the move home and left Sather in Seattle to be the face behind the name for the local clientele. What started out as busy work turned into a career, and the two were churning out upwards of 40 deck designs a year. "We just basically started hustling. If you looked at our website, we looked like a big machine, but in actuality, it was just us two guys churning out an ass load of work." [redacted]

Requests for designs started rolling in from all over, including Atomic and Celtek, as well as the continued relationships with the aforementioned brands. Strain explained that the industry was pretty incestuous, but as long as they didn't overlap ideas or designs, their potential work load was endless. As things started getting busier, certain aspects had to be outsourced. Eventually, the duo did a job with an interactive designer named **Ryan Potter** at *Struck*, another local firm, setting in motion the creation of STS. [redacted]

"I was out to lunch with [longtime friend and advertiser for Struck] **Ryan Martindale** and he was feeling me out on starting his own business. I told him, hell no, it's a complete pain in the ass, the business side of things—especially when it comes to being that guy when it's time to get paid," says Strain. Despite the lack of encouraging words, Martindale still thought it would be cool to do his/their own thing, only if they had an interactive guy. Little did he know, but Potter, his co-worker sitting three desks away from him, was also in conversation with Strain over the same opportunities. Although never wanting to be more than an employee, Strain had to relieve himself of some of the operational duties of the D&T venture, and soon he became receptive to the idea. "We started to have 'Top Secret' meetings, as they still had their day jobs to deal with. Talks got serious enough that we brought an investor in as a partner and we were off to the races," he says. [redacted]

Since Colombus Day 2009, Super Top Secret has grown from a crew of five to 25. Over the past three years, the firm has been working hard on board graphics, iPhone apps, Facebook apps and web design for many major players in the snow sports industry including Burton, Celtek and Ski Utah. Currently, the team is working on 13-14 board designs and something special for Nike. With passionate team players, hard work and even better designs that speak for themselves, the cosmos are the limit for STS. "There is an underlying spirit that runs throughout our shop, and it's piss and vinegar. Something we don't speak openly of, but fuels our fire," says Strain. "It's from years of people saying you will never succeed and you can't do that. We have learned we can do whatever we set our minds to. We started this to afford all those around us with the same lifestyle we wanted to be a part of. As long as we have the passion, we will be that crew of misfits."







Illustration: Ryan Perkins

Night Riders
By Esther Meroño
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As the weather warms up—Ok, who are we kidding, it never really got cold—my favorite kind of bicycle rides, night rides, become more comfortable and, thus, more frequent. Riding a bike at night is awesome for various reasons: There's less traffic, the inversion clears out in the winter and it's cooler in the summer. The number one reason? A lot of fucked up shit goes down with the sun, and your bicycle's the best saddle in the house to see it all.

I'm usually too wrapped up in **This Will Destroy You**'s epic soundscapes to take in the night scenery, so aside from the normal outpouring of bums and delinquents, I haven't witnessed anything notable. However, I've got a couple of friends with great stories.

My friend, "**Dyl**," was an impressionable young seventh grader who loved to ride his bicycle in the wee hours of the night. He would duct tape his Walkman to the front of his handlebars and cruise around the lake near his house, rocking out to **Blink-182** (don't worry, he's since moved up to an iPod and **Third Eye Blind**). One night, as he was passing a picnic area near the shore, he saw something through the trees that he had only ever seen on-screen: a couple of teenagers having sex. Not that hurried, hug-real-close-just-in-case-someone-sees-us kind of public sex—this was full-on, I'm-gonna-fuck-the-shit-out-of-you-on-this-picnic-table-for-god-and-all-to-see type sex. Dyl was so taken aback, he actually climbed off his bike and slowly walked it past them so as not to disturb the scene. Don't worry, he's not a perv or anything 'cause of it, but I imagine he's probably a little apprehensive about picnic tables now.

My sister, **Carla**, told me another good one. Riding up the always-classy 200 South one night, she saw a bum riding his bike up the sidewalk (a legitimate bum, not me in my winter cycling gear). He got in the way of a pedestrian bum, they exchanged some snaggle-toothed words, after which the pedestrian grabbed a brick from the ground and started chasing after the cyclist. Of course, Carla booked it out of there so as not to get bricked, so she doesn't know how that story ends, but it's definitely a good reason to keep your bike off the sidewalk if I ever heard one.

SLUG's Managing Editor, **Jeanette Moses**, is another frequent night rider. Though I'm sure she's seen her fair share of crazy nighttime action, she had a great story about the weird things other people out on the road might be witnessing from cyclists after sundown. See, Jeanette, like many of us urban cyclists, utilizes her pedal machine to get home from the bar after hours, so as you might guess, these riders are rather interesting to watch (and watch out for). Biking from *Eva* to *Copper Palate Press* with *SLUG* Junior Editor **Alex Ortega**, the two thought it would be a good idea to try and ride the bicycle together. This, of course, failed. Instead, they decided to "bike jog" to their destination: Jeanette rode her bicycle at walking speed while Alex jogged along next to her. Since they were neither at the homeless shelter nor in a triathlon, but rather in the middle of downtown SLC, their bike jogging antics made quite the scene. That kind of slapstick comedy only happens at night, ladies and gents.

Whether you're in it for the meditation, avoiding DUIs or just need some good ol' entertainment, I highly recommend nighttime bicycle rides.







Sibyl Buck will teach a one-day workshop at Centered City Yoga on March 10.

Photo: Chris Luttrell

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD: AN INTERVIEW WITH **SYBIL BUCK**

By Ischa B • Ischa3@gmail.com

Sybil Buck has worn many hats in her life. As a teen, she was an amateur skater and musician; as an adult, she has worked as a model, actress, musician and as a dedicated yoga instructor.

After over a decade of practicing yoga while pursuing various careers and ambitions, it dawned on her that sharing her love of the practice (and love of life) was truly what she wanted to do. She decided to put in the hours and training to become a certified yoga instructor. "[When I tried it,] I felt at home in my skin in a way that I had never previously felt, or at least not since I was a kid—it was fun," says Buck. "When you're a kid, you're not lazy about playing because it's so fun, it motivates you to get up and run around … You are fueled by the love you have for the playing. That's how I felt about yoga. I could never force myself to go to the gym, but yoga was just so inspiring … I wanted to go do it."

Noticing all sorts of positive changes in her body and life sealed the deal. "I knew it was a medicine as well as an exercise. When I stopped touring … I started doing yoga every day just to keep my head together, and I realized how great it was," she says. After years practicing with several well known and admired teachers, such as **David Life** and **Sharon Gannon** in NYC, as well as **Annie Carpenter**, **Jasmine Lieb**, **Vinnie Marino** and **Lisa Walford** in California, she completed the 200 hours required to be certified and made it her profession.

As luck would have it, one of our own local superstars is buddies with her. **Lindsay Heath**, multi-talented musician and artist extraordinaire, collaborated with Buck on some musical endeavors. With local yoga aficionado (and *Centered City Yoga* owner) **D'ana Baptiste**, they have conspired to set up a yoga workshop for us Salty City dwellers to gain some of the wisdom and world-view from Buck, firsthand. The workshop promises to be both physically and spiritually engaging, with a conscious focus on anatomically correct posing and the opportunity to subconsciously glean from the experience that Buck has had while meditating. "I'm really interested in [teaching] the kind of yoga that makes people feel good and get well. I have a lot of life experience to bring in, and this particular workshop is about integrating your yoga practice into your life."

As a teenager, the then-skater and musician, Sybil Buck, decided that, to be able to survive and thrive in a metropolis destination, which was her goal at the time, modeling would be her means to an end. Through hard work and ambition, she managed to earn more than a living from strutting her stuff on catwalks throughout Europe and beyond. That wasn't all Buck was looking for. Once she had made the money she set out to make, she turned her attention back to her love of music. "I always really loved music. I started playing bass in high school and I loved it … I went off to be a model, and I really missed playing so badly. I knew that [music] was what I wanted to do next." She turned a childhood hobby into a reasonably successful career as a bassist for several projects, some with other well known musicians. A brief stint as an MTV VJ and a quick dive into the world of film acting with a role in the major motion picture, *The Fifth Element*, kept her busy and in the limelight for a couple of years, and certainly lent her the credibility needed if she ever wanted to pursue it further. During these sometimes-chaotic and stressful times, she found herself returning to yoga again and again to maintain and sometimes restore sanity and balance into her life.

With all of her life's work in mind, Buck's goal as a yogi is to exemplify how to incorporate yoga into our increasingly busy and chaotic lives. As far as lifestyle choices go, she is not one to push her own perspective or ideals down her students' throats, and instead encourages clients to *consciously* choose their own lifestyle. It's not productive to abruptly alter behaviors, she says. Rather, she encourages consciousness in all choices.

With future dreams and goals, including the possibilities of creating community-style yoga retreats, Buck continues to live life to the fullest, a shining example of how to get the most of your experience on Planet Earth. Still, she says her proudest achievement is her daughter, just one of the many indicators of how she manages to maintain a healthy and balanced perspective.

Sibyl Buck will teach a two-session, one-day workshop at *Centered City Yoga* on Saturday, March 10. The first session will be from 11 a.m. - 1:15 p.m. and the second session from 3 p.m. - 5:15 p.m. Cost for one session is $45; the cost for both sessions is $75. Contact *Centered City Yoga* for additional info.

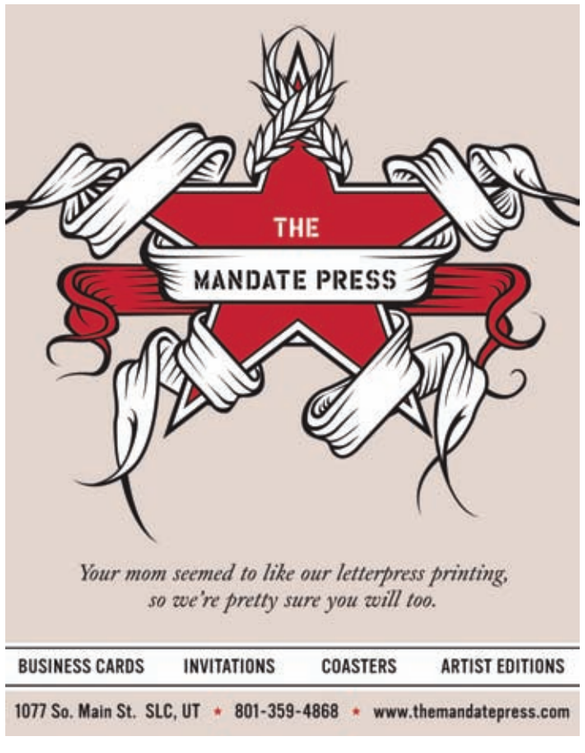








Photo: Gage Thompson

Peter Fitts at the *Snogression* warehouse.

Avante Garde: The Future of Indoor Training

By Sean Zimmerman-Wall
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Photo: Gage Thompson

***Snogression* founder Kevin Brower opened his indoor training facility as a way to allow skiers and snowboarders to keep their skills sharp during the summer months.**

"Basically, you grab this bar, push the green button and hold on." These were the words from *Snogression* owner and innovator, **Kevin Brower**. I stood atop the synthetic snow in-run, looking towards the kicker and foam pit. My palms began to sweat and my pulse quickened. With a mechanical *whoosh*, I was hurtling down the "slope" and before I knew it, I was airborne. Milliseconds later, I came crashing down into the pit. The landing was like jumping into a hot tub full of stuffed animals. I struggled to kick off my skis and waded out of the foam blocks thoroughly stoked. Let's do it again, and again and again!

Brower's vision for a state-of-the-art, indoor training facility for skiers and snowboarders began three years ago while he was contemplating how to keep his skills sharp during the summer. "Before, you always had to go to the gymnastics places and they were kind of hard to get into. They only had trampolines and you had to drive a long way to get to them," says Brower. A simpler way to train spurred him to develop his own facility that catered to snow athletes. His original concept occupied a small space in Sandy and had a couple trampolines, a ramp and a foam pit. "The old building got the job done, but it was kind of decrepit and we only had a short-term lease," says Brower. After testing and proving his idea at the first warehouse, he decided that it was time to move out and expand to a more desirable and functional location. Moving to the South Salt Lake spot (2828 S. 1030 W.) enabled Brower and his builders to be more creative with their designs and branch out to a larger portion of the population. He also cited that the new location is more central to the Ogden and Salt Lake crowds. With a plan in place, Brower, his brother, **Mitchell**, and **Jordan Taylor** set to work on the new and improved facility. "Jordan was the guy behind the wood. He had the framing expertise and helped it all come together. I also spent a lot of time on the CAD program trying to work out the rest of the details," says Brower. By the end of summer 2011, *Snogression* was ready to reopen and get everyone excited about the coming season. They kept up their diligent social media marketing campaign and hosted a rail jam in December to draw exposure for their business. "We gave the contest an ugly sweater theme for the holidays and had a great turnout. The kids were absolutely going off on the jump," says Brower. The next phase of *Snogression* had begun, and people seemed intrigued by the idea of an indoor training center.

At the heart of the project lies the creator's deep connection to the progression of the sport. He believes that finding a better way to train will lead the next wave of talent to the pinnacle of performance. The layout of the *Snogression* warehouse accommodates all ability levels and is meant to keep a constant flow of movement. Four string-bed trampolines are arranged to allow participants to practice step-ups and hand-drags in a realistic setting. Adjacent to the tramps are a mini foam pit and padded landing zone to practice small tricks and maneuvers. The next step up from learning air awareness is the ramp. To propel riders down the in-run, Brower has designed a unique launch system called the Hyperdrive. "We are on the fifth or sixth stage of the hyperdrive, which is a modified winch system similar to a wakeboard tow set up," says Brower. The current jump is covered in a synthetic snow mat that allows you to glide effortlessly off the lip and into the gigantic foam pit below. It is the perfect way for riders to try their hand at dub-cork nines and steezy superman front flips. Alongside the jump is an adjustable rail that keeps the jibbers happy, as well as a platform where users can air into the foam pit without skis or boards. In between sessions, visitors can also unwind on the mini ramp and skate to their hearts' content.

The key to keeping things fresh at *Snogression* is the overall attitude of everyone involved. "We want to create a community feel and really get people working together," says Brower. Professional athletes like **Pep Fujas**, **Wiley Miller** and **LJ Strenio** frequent the establishment and are always willing to lend some friendly advice to the up-and-comers. In addition to the freeride sessions, Brower and his team of athletes offer coaching and technique classes for anyone interested. In the future, *Snogression* hopes to offer summer camps and contests to help build the community of local riders into something special.

More info on session times and pricing can be found at *snogression.com*.

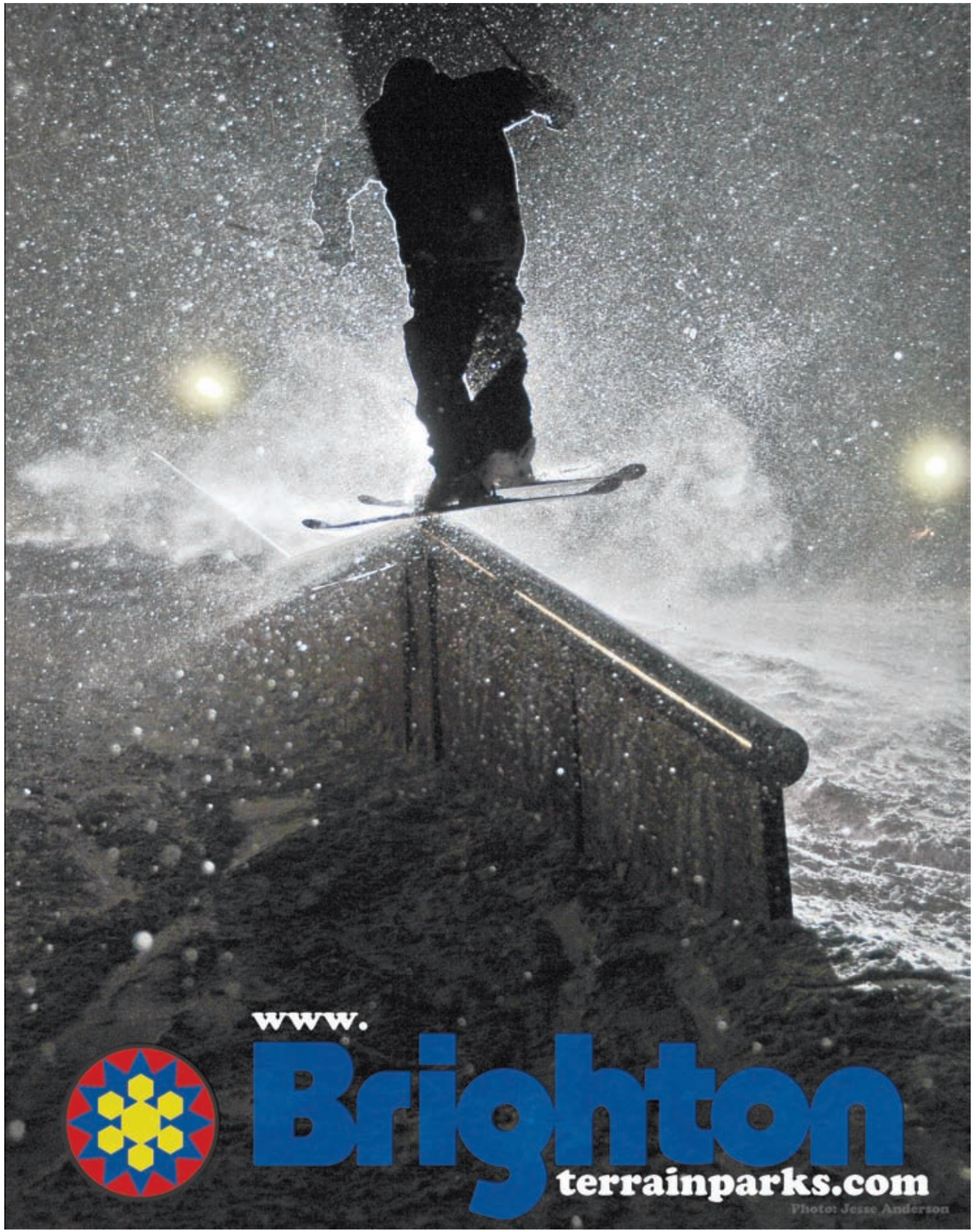


FEATURE PHOTO



Words and photos:
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Putting foreground elements, such as trees, in front of your lens will often get you mocked by the snowboarders you photograp. “Ohhhhh, look at Andy getting mad artsy with the branches.” Or my favorite, “Art school called and they want their angle back.” Let me set the record straight here: This is not an attempt at getting artsy. If we, the photographers, had any inclination towards art, do you think we’d be standing in freezing temperatures documenting stunts? That branch in the foreground is there to hide the bomb hole or short track that was put into a jump before the current shot was taken. In many ways, we are tricking the viewer into fantasizing about how pro snowboarders land tricks first try, and always into a field of fresh, untracked powder. Artists we are not. Illusionists? Possibly. **Chris Grenier**, living the dream at *Brighton*.



PRODUCT REVIEWS

Burton
Poacher Jacket
Burton.com



Get in touch with the minimalist in yourself with Burton's Poacher Jacket off of their 2012 outerwear line. It's nothing new or groundbreaking, but it does accomplish everything a snowboarder would need a jacket to do. Burton's weapon against the elements this year is their DRYRIDE waterproofing technology, which balances the breathability of a shell with the waterproofing of a heavy-duty snow jacket. The jacket's fit is pretty standard—large enough for layering on a cold day, but not super baggy for those days when all that's required underneath is a T-shirt. Aside from the weather tech, the jacket comes equipped with the necessities for every snow coat: taped seams, mesh vent armpit zips, micro-fleece lined pockets and a pass pocket. The Poacher is truly everything you need and nothing you don't check out more burton reviews on *slugmag.com*
–Chris Proctor

ParkVisitor.com
Utah is home to a multitude of excellent state and national parks that welcome millions of visitors every year. However, with so many epic options, it is often hard to choose which one to go to and when. Enter *ParkVisitor.com*. The website is aimed at getting the word out about every park, here in Utah and across the nation. Through a super-scientific algorithm created by the site's developers, an overall score is generated and a synopsis of each park is provided. The site also incorporates the greatest gift the world has ever been given: SOCIAL MEDIA. That means you and all your friends can FaceTweet all your adventures and get more people to visit the places you love. Where to go, what to do, and individual park ratings and comments all come together in one place to make decision making easier. It even offers "insider tips" for great info on all the secret stashes and best times to visit. Keep this page bookmarked and plan your next trip today.
–Sean Zimmerman-Wall

RumbaTime
VanDam GO Watch
Rumbatime.com



The RumbaTime VanDam GO watch seeks to distinguish itself by having a space for a small card that can hold your credit card information and personal information in case of an emergency, but there are also other advantages to using the watch while exercising. It's light and made of one loop of rubber, so it's comfortable while working out to the point where you forget it's there. The material also doesn't stink when it gets sweaty: a big plus. It's meant to be unisex, but it struck me as designed a bit more for females. In addition to telling time, it has a light and a stopwatch, but not much else by way of features. As for the key draw of the watch, the rationale for the credit card space is to not have to carry a wallet while on a run or a bike ride. It would be handy (the card doesn't come with the watch, and I didn't have time to order one in by the time this review was due) to have this feature, and my first thought was that it would have been convenient on my bike trip down the Pacific Coast Highway last summer, but when considering that not all credit card machines have the contactless readers yet, I still would have wanted my wallet handy. Also, there is an added security risk. All in all, I'm not sold on the optional payment card, but for $35, the VanDam GO is a sleek, comfortable watch with just the features you would want for working out. *–Nate Housley*

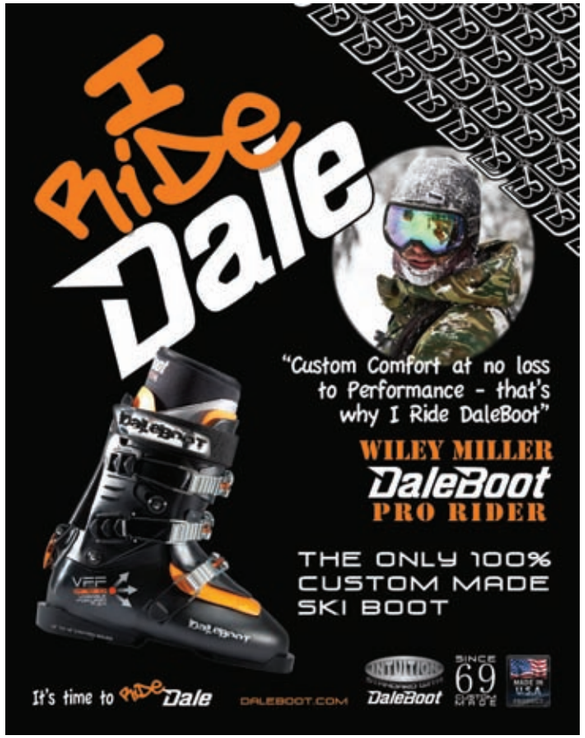
Slingshot Pop
Hoodie-Dress
Slingshotpop.com
Fun and unexpected fabric and details are what set these duds apart from all the same ol', same ol' you'll find on the rack elsewhere. Chunks of bold solids are pieced together to create hoodies and dresses that sort of throwback to "The United Colors of Beneton," circa the '80s and '90s. Others are made using unusual prints and florals, with a decidedly vintage feeling of their own. Details like thickly braided drawstrings set the items in the collection apart even more. Altogether, the vibe is that of an old-fashioned candy store, full of those



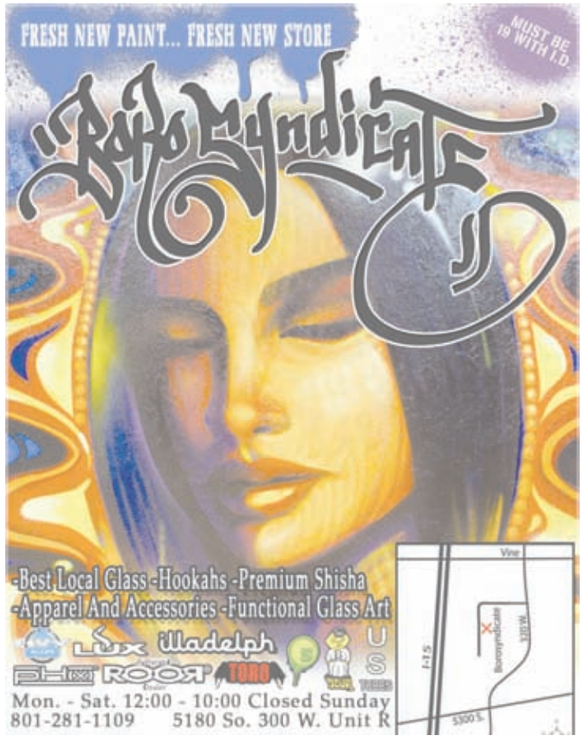
delightful, swirly lollipops. Designed long and oversized by SLC local **Sara Tramp**, these longer hoodie "dresses" are certainly a staple of the current offering. Layered over leggings or skinny jeans during colder seasons, or worn alone during spring and summer, they can keep you stylish and comfy for most of the year. Guys can just throw theirs into the mix with the rest of their "hoodie and jeans" uniform and get a bit more personality out of their daily wear. Other fun pieces like pocketed scarf-hoods (It's a scarf! It's a hood! It's got pockets!) help define this brand as one sure to be a favorite of burners and other alternative crowds. Spice up your basics with a piece or two, and delight in the sugary goodness that is Slingshot Pop! *–Ischa B.*

TerraLUX
LightStar80
TerraLUX.com
I am a flashlight guy, plain and simple—I've owned hundreds and use one almost daily. The Lightstar80 is not your basic penlight. It's sturdy like the barrel of a gun. This penlight has as rubber-coated Bitegrip that is essential. More often than not, you need both hands while working on something. So pop this military grade light in your yapper and find that dropped wrench. Just wipe it down with some alcohol often, because you're going to be handling it with your filthy hands. There is also a tensioned pocket clip that you can flip around to slide onto the brim of your hat. A High Color Rendering Index LED illuminates the darkness. Now, this CRI LED isn't one of those dull blue LEDs—CRI makes your work area look as if the sun is lighting it. I am sold on this new CRI LED technology. It only takes two AAA batteries (rechargeable batteries work as well) to power this penlight. It is available in Titanium Grey or High Visibility Orange, both made out of aircraft-grade aluminum that will stand up to abuse. Being roughly the same size as a paint marker, you won't even notice it in your pocket. If you work in the sound industry, auto industry or just need a solid penlight, order one off their site. TerraLUX has converted me from the church of Maglite.
–Eric Granato







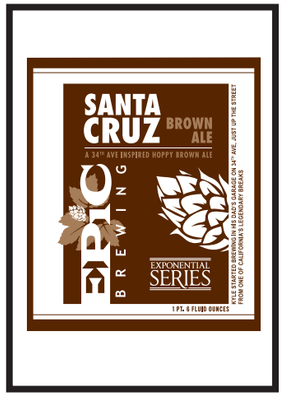




BEER REVIEWS

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

When the word "epic" comes to mind, I generally imagine shooting myself in the head. This is because some verbally oblivious dolt is referring to the color of her new nail polish, or some bro-dude is commenting on what the newest episode of whateverthefuck had to sell. With these painful reservations that I struggle with day to day, I am given reprise. Epic Brewing Co. is restoring my faith in this overly abused word. Their quick yet grandiose entry into the Utah brewing industry has been nothing but groundbreaking, proving the demand by our local consumers for a vast variety of styles and availability. This is why *SLUG* had no problem giving this month up to the Epic powers that be, and pimping the newest brews hitting the SLC.



Elder Brett – Saison Brett Golden Ale
Brewery/Brand: **Epic Brewing Co.**
ABV: 8.8%
Serving Style: 22 oz Bottle
Description: The first of Epic's sour beers pours hazy straw-yellow in color with a medium white head. The aroma is nothing short of outstanding. The Elder opens up with a sour apple/lemon tartness and leads into a grassy hay aroma. The flavor is mellow, with citrus fruits, lemons and some Belgian yeast spice coming through in the end for a dry/tart finish.

Overview: The first release of a sour brew from Epic was a hit! This brett-infused saison golden ale is a collaboration brew with **Crooked Stave Artisan Brewing** (Fort Collins, Co.) and is a tasty, well nurtured, barrel-aged brew, suited for any level of drinker. More important than that, the beauty of a brewery announcing the release of a sour beer is generally a hint that there may be more of these wild-natured brews to be released in the future. With Epic's reputation of releasing more beers in a year than one can keep track of, this will keep any sour beer junkie wiping off their lip sweat and waiting for the next fix.

Epic Santa Cruz Brown Ale
Brewery/Brand: **Epic Brewing Co.**
ABV: 6.4%
Serving Style: 22 oz Bottle
Description: Out of the bomber, this India Brown-styled brew pours a hazy dark brown with an off-tan head. The nose instantly opens up with piney American hops, a nutty malt aroma and a little hint of booze. The flavor is well rounded with a decent amount of American hop citrus and roasted malt undertones to balance it out.

Overview: From the Exponential Line of brews, this hybrid comes out of the brewery as an answer to the rising trend in the American craving for dark IPAs. This brew has a well balanced and flavorful amount of American hops and a decent helping of darker and roasted malts not to overwhelm the palate, all done to complement the best of both worlds. I am definitely a fan of this newest release.

Epic Utah Sage Saison
Brewery/Brand: **Epic Brewing Co.**
ABV: 7.6%
Serving Style: 22 oz Bottle
Description: This herb-infused Belgian pours out of the bottle hazy yellow with an off-white head, and instantly opens up with spice aromas. You first catch smells of rosemary, grassy hops, culinary herbs and a subtle Belgian yeast spice. The flavor is sage heavy, light on hops, and finishes off dry with saison yeast and an herbal lingering on the palate.

Overview: To finish off the list is a seasonal Belgian saison, brewed using fresh herbs. The profile of this is leaning towards an herb-heavy brew with great pairing potential. I am happy to see someone is capitalizing on the use of unusual ingredients like sage.





GAME REVIEWS



Final Fantasy XIII-2
Square Enix
Reviewed on: Playstation 3
Also on: Xbox 360
Street: 01.31

I've never liked sequels. Or, maybe a better way to say it would be, 'I appreciate when a story knows when to end.' That's something that the *Final Fantasy* series has gotten right for the most part—almost every one of their games takes place in a different universe. Unfortunately, the universes seem to be losing more and more physics as they go on. But, whatever, I guess flying people with transforming cars is the new thing. This game starts three years after the events of *Final Fantasy XIII*, and there are some returning characters from the previous game, but mostly you're playing the previous main character's less interesting sister, Serah, and Noel, an eighteen-year-old from the future. As this is a direct sequel to *FF-XIII*, I expected the gameplay to be pretty similar to its predecessor, but it was a tainted, bastardized copy. At every turn, this game was vandalizing the few good thoughts I had of the first game, ruining precious memories like a pernicious uncle, proclaiming to the world there has never been a Santa Claus. This game offers hundreds of different ways to optimize battles, a diverse job level system, plenty of equipment, upgrades, and you can collect every monster in the game and use them as a third party member—but none of these things matter. You can beat every battle in the game without strategy, by simply pressing the same button over and over (this was on the harder setting, by the way). Don't get me wrong, *XIII-2* makes continually pressing the same button for hours very entertaining, but so does *Lego Star Wars*—it's not why I play RPGs. What I'm trying to say is that this game felt like really bad masturbation—and I would know. *–Jason Young*

Pushmo
Intelligent Systems*/*Nintendo
Reviewed on: Nintendo 3DS
Street: 12.08.11

There is no reason for a $6.99 downloadable title to bring as much joy as *Pushmo* does. Nintendo and Intelligent Designs' stroke of genius knocked this one out of the park. My life has been consumed with pulling tessellated pieces out in layers to create colorful staircases to frightened children, and surfing the Internet looking for QR codes to build up my block-shuffling prowess. Over one hundred puzzles later, I'm still enthralled in *Pushmo*'s joyous and colorful world. You'd think a short, block-pushing character named Mallo and his *Mario*-esque universe wouldn't captivate a large, bearded individual such as myself, and normally I'd agree, but, in this case, you would be wrong. The challenges in depth perception and mental fortitude provided by Papa Blox range from tennis shoes to dinosaurs and anything in between. The giddy and bubbly soundtrack does a great job keeping you on task without detracting from work laid before you. The simplistic control scheme lets you drive with the D-pad or analog stick, grab blocks with B and jump with A. Utilizing your simple tools, the task is to pull your blocks out no farther than three spaces and build a staircase to the top where a frightened child is awaiting rescue. Stuck on a puzzle? Have no fear! You can simply skip to the next level to give another challenge the old college try. Be warned, though: They tally how many kids you've saved after each world. It's hard to do this fun game justice. Rob a bank, donate plasma or input your debit card info into Nintendo's eShop, and enjoy this beautiful title. *–Thomas Winkley*

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SLUGMAG.com

BOOK REVIEWS

Encyclopedia Gothica
Liisa Ladouceur
ECW Press
Street: 10.01.11



While Ladouceur's keen wit shows through most of the book—the introduction is one of the best things I've read in quite some time—there are far too many nonessential entries present in this encyclopedia to make it anything more than a novelty. For a book focused solely on Goth culture, there are simply too many entries that define things as "not Goth," though Ladouceur does handle the main staples of "What is Goth" with affectionate love and obvious experience. The illustrations by *Rue Morgue Magazine*'s art director, **Gary Pullin**, on the other hand, are so well done, it leaves you disappointed that they only appear at the beginning of each letter. Perhaps a good gift idea, and definitely a nice introduction to the basics of Gothdom, but certainly not required reading by any means. *–Johnny Logan*

Iron Man: My Journey Through Heaven and Hell with Black Sabbath
Tony Iommi with T.J. Lammers
Da Capo Press
Street: 11.01.11

A leaden hodge-podge of stuff you've already heard from the unofficial **Black Sabbath** doc (what "N.I.B" stands for and how Tony lost his finger) and some obscure gems (Tony's irrational fear of spiders and his stint in **Jethro Tull**) render *Iron Man* a lukewarm rock tome written by one of its key progenitors. Split up into forty or so quick, slice-o-life vignettes, it has a rapid-fire "quick story" quality, perfect for the ADD generation, but lousy for those fiending to dig deep. Still, Tony's delightfully frank about the amount of coke ingested during the *Vol. 4* sessions and his personal hangups with **Ronnie James Dio**—he just tends to avoid anything meaty. I had to keep reminding myself that it was indeed an Iommi book, not a definitive band bio, and like the late and tired '90s Sabbath, it flounders a bit in the middle as it fruitlessly searches for anything close to a "fall-from-grace rockstar moment." Yeah, he took a ton of drugs, but Iommi just isn't the nihilistic type. Maybe some people dig reading about marriages and mortgages ... just not this reader. The subject is fine, but it needs a better teller. Still, it's honest, endearing and semi-informative, so in the vein of light, rock reading, seasoned Sab-fanatics could do way worse. I mean, have you heard *Forbidden*? *–Dylan Chadwick*

Mormons Under The Microscope
Ed D. Lauritsen, PHD
CFI Publishing
Street: 06.08.10

As a native to the LDS capital of the world, I like to think that I've grown to know quite a bit about the predominant religion in the state. Hosting friends from out of town, I get to give them the low-down on Mormons. So, I was eager to take a gander at this book to continue to develop a reasonably accurate understanding of those I'm surrounded by. Dr. Lauritsen does offer a lot of information, and to someone who already knows a bit about The Church, he seems to be low-balling a lot of the information. Rather than offering up the deep insight that I was expecting, I felt more like I was reading *Mormonism for Dummies*. Lauritsen tackles common questions like: "Do Mormons believe in Hell?" by providing a brief answer: "Yes, Mormons believe in Hell as revealed in the teachings of the Lord's latter-day prophets," and then offering a more detailed answer to reinforce his brief one. I don't know if Dr. Lauritsen is LDS, but this book feels like it has been heavily influenced by the Church—there is no other view to offer a counter argument or to really engage the reader. It seems more like a desk reference for the non-Mormon. It feels like what a missionary might tell me if he was standing on my front porch. I would be down to send this to my curious friends around the country, but I would be sure to couple it with a copy of **Pat Bagley** and **Sister Dottie S. Dixon**'s *The Mormon Kama Sutra* to offer a little balance. *–Ben Trentelman*



MOVIE REVIEWS

Act of Valor
Relativity Media
In Theaters: 02.24

If you were unaware of the fact that the cast of **Mike McCoy** and **Scott Waugh**'s Navy SEALs action film are actual active duty soldiers from the onslaught of overbearing advertisements, have no fear: They'll be sure to tell you yet again in a featurette that precedes his film. Filmed in a style that's a blend of a Lifetime original movie with a hint of a first person shooter video game, McCoy and Waugh recount brave, true tales of America's elite soldiers as they journey around the world to rescue a kidnapped CIA operative and thwart a large-scale terrorist attack on American soil. The movie plays out like the next edition in the *Call of Duty: Modern Warfare* franchise, but you'll want to quickly find the button that skips all of the plot-advancing, in-game cinematics and get right back to the battle. The action is certainly the film's finest component, as audiences have the chance to witness the sleek result of the strict training and ruthless combat these warriors have endured off-screen. As one enemy after another is taken out of commission with absolute precision, one can only gaze in awe of what goes on behind enemy lines. However, it's the dismal dialogue/narration and unqualified acting abilities of the cast that brings the production to a standstill. McCoy and Waugh's intentions would appear to be noble to honor these courageous individuals, but everyone's nervousness and botched line deliveries can't be overlooked. To the men and women who appear in this film, thank you for your service to our country, but, in the future, please do what you do best and protect us from the unpleasant things in this world … like gimmicks used to sell movie tickets. *–Jimmy Martin*

Ghost Rider: Spirit of Vengeance
Columbia Pictures
In Theaters: 02.17

There really isn't one proper word to describe how appalling the first *Ghost Rider* movie is. It's the incarcerated cousin of the **Marvel**-based movies whom the family doesn't like talking about. So, when it was announced a sequel was on the way, you can imagine the resistance. However, when it was revealed that **Mark Neveldine** and **Brian Taylor** of the absurdly wild *Crank* films would be helming the project, you can imagine the intrigue.



Following cousin Ghosty's original, Johnny Blaze (**Nicolas Cage**) finds himself hiding in Europe, still enduring the curse of "The Rider," an internal force that surfaces in the face of evil to devour the souls of the wicked. As all hope would seem lost, a proposition to save a child sought after by the devil is offered, in exchange for the removal of his curse. Neveldine and Taylor are professionals in untamed extremes and hold degrees in offending the general market, so it's a shame to see their feral antics subdued by studio interference and a pacified PG-13 rating. It's like watching The Hulk play with a beach ball. The potential is there. Cage is unmistakably having more fun with the character this time around, as the actor utilizes the extremes of his craft by offering only subtle whispers or Tourette-induced barks. The film's primary slipup comes from the lack of action, most of which is spoiled in the TV spots, surrounded by an abundant amount of never-ending, drab dialogue. Neveldine and Taylor succeed in developing a follow-up that surpasses the original, but, before the back patting begins, there's a load of issues that need to be addressed before a third endeavor is approached. As for now, it appears this rendition will only receive a strict probation sentence … unlike cousin Ghosty. *–Jimmy Martin*

Journey 2: The Mysterious Island
Warner Bros.
In Theaters: 02.10

In the next chapter of "Hollywood Delivers Another Sequel Nobody Asked For," we're given the follow-up to the 2008 misfire, *Journey to the Center of the Earth*. Rather than witnessing the new adventures of Encino Man (a.k.a. **Brendan Fraser**), we're offered the peck-pulsing muscles of **Dwayne Johnson** as the film's headliner. The key link between the two films lies with **Josh Hutcherson**, who reprises his role as an unruly **Jules Verne** fanatic who cracks a hidden message with his stepfather (Johnson) that ultimately whisks the two away on a dangerous expedition to discover a mythological island where Hutcherson believes his estranged and eccentric grandfather (**Michael Caine**) has been living for some time. Along for the adventure are a down-on-his-luck helicopter pilot (**Luis Guzmán**) and his feisty, level-headed daughter (**Vanessa Hudgens**). Director **Brad Peyton** offers up substandard special effects that were executed much better in 1989's *Honey, I Shrunk the Kids*, and are usually only seen nowadays on a dreadful Syfy Channel Saturday night original movie. Johnson, who has recently proved his comedic talents are accessible, isn't allowed to be humorous or caring in this apathetic role. On the other hand, it's Guzmán (who endures every fecal matter prank available in modern-day storytelling) and Caine (who needs to put his Oscar in the return box), who lower the film's bar on tolerability with their deplorable performances. As the film runs its mundane course and one flaw after another is exposed, one fact is made perfectly clear: Brendan Fraser wasn't the problem with the original. *–Jimmy Martin*

Parade
Believe Cinema Collective
Available on DVD: 02.14

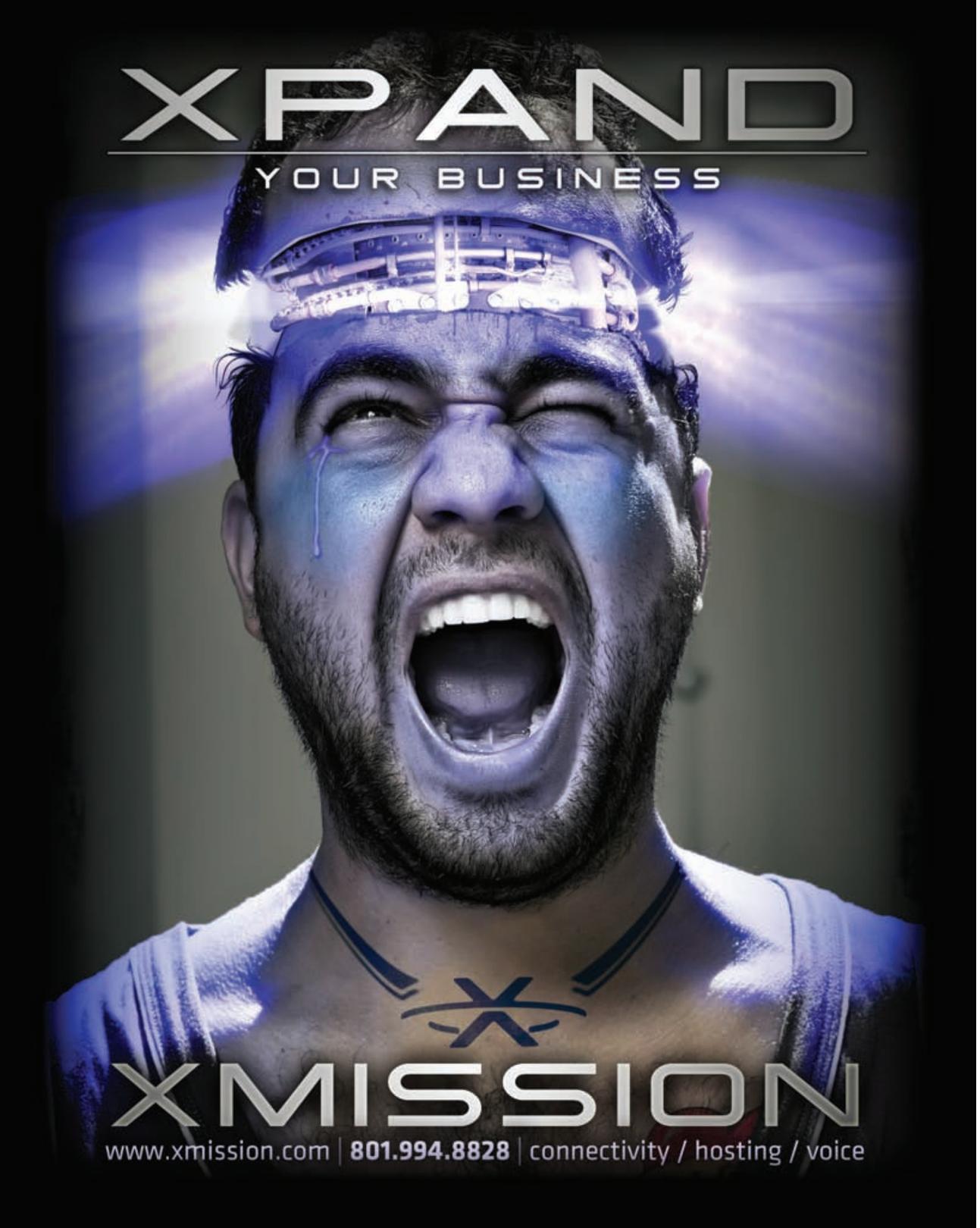
Parade is the semi-autobiographical account of writer/director **Brandon Cahoon**'s move to tiny Lynndyl, Utah as a Junior in high school. Instead of meticulously recreating his own experience, Cahoon hired mostly local kids as the cast (including **Sarah Scott**, the real life little sister of Cahoon's love interest) and gave them a skeletal script to make their own. As a result, the performances are unpolished but authentic, and Cahoon's specific experiences evoke a universal feeling of adolescence. Feeling is definitely the emphasis, as the plot is strung together loosely through a kind of tour of Dean's life and doesn't follow a traditional narrative arc. The conflicts aren't wholly spelled out, but the pains of growing up—Dean faces crumbling relationships with his parents, cousin, girlfriend and religion—are brought into relief by the carefree fun of Dean and his crew. This tumultuous period in Cahoon's life is shot by a romantic soul and will appeal to the same. The redeeming moments come as fleeting, perfect images: late-night conversations and sunlit road trips. Crucial to the film's feeling is the score, provided by local troubadour **David Williams**. The movie does suffer from a slow start and an abstract, **Terrence Malick**-esque style that doesn't play as well on DVD as it does in a more immersive theater setting. But, the movie's strengths are preserved—the conflicts are authentic and deeply felt, and Williams' songs help elevate the most poignant moments to something magical. *Parade* is an impressive debut and a movie that will stay as close to its fans' hearts as it does its creator's. *–Nate Housley*

This Means War
20th Century Fox
In Theaters: 02.17

Set up to resemble a live-action version of *MAD Magazine*'s *Spy vs. Spy* comic strip, director **McG** sets up surveillance on two CIA operatives/best friends (**Chris Pine** and **Tom Hardy**) who use their field training and every high-tech gadget within arm's reach to cock block one another from hooking up with the same woman (**Reese Witherspoon**). What starts out as an innocent misunderstanding wherein both love-deprived men come into contact with, and eventually fall for, Witherspoon, immediately escalates into a dick measuring contest, complete with unlawful shadowing tactics and unconstitutional protocols … all in the name of love. Pine struts around the screen with the same charisma as his womanizing, Captain Kirk persona without the U.S.S. Enterprise floating above, while Hardy employs the more physical approach to win the skirmish. While McG does use clichéd montage after clichéd montage to progress the simplistic storyline, the bigger issues arise with the bubbly, surfer-bunny presence that is Witherspoon and her inability to portray the focus of desire. The role would be much more suitable for the likes of **Scarlett Johansson** or **Olivia Wilde**. The romantic interactions between the characters may be one-note and the action sequences are few and far between, but the film keeps a steady balance between what a mixture of viewers long for in a film, so that everyone involved gets a sampling of what they desire without completely upsetting their date. *–Jimmy Martin*







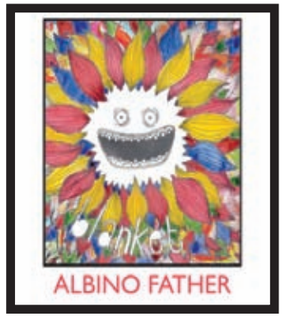
LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

004
State of Affairs: 1980-1983
Self-Released
Street: 05.15.11
004 = Madness + The English Beat + Special AKA



The Utah ska scene of the '90s is fondly remembered (well… by some people), and the likes of **Stretch Armstrong** and **My Man Friday** have remained in the collective consciousness of local ska nerds over the years, but 004—quite possibly Utah's first ska band—seems to have been forgotten. Hopefully, this great collection of 004's music will rectify that injustice. 004's sound is definitely a product of its time, strongly reflecting the British 2-Tone scene, but with a definite sense of vitality and strong implementation of reggae elements. "Dance Dance Dance" and "Evil Minds" would've fit in well alongside the tracks on the *Dance Craze* soundtrack, while "Limited War" injects some **Gang of Four**-like post-punk into the collection with its jagged rhythm and moody melodica. The band also created some great slower songs, particularly "Kind Love," which captures the creepy vibe of **The Specials**' "Ghost Town." *State of Affairs* is a great listen, and definitely something that needs to be in any local ska fan's collection—pick it up. *–Ricky Vigil*

Albino Father
Blanket
Self-Released
Street: 03.01.11
Albino Father = Portugal. The Man + The Futurists
This Futurists side project is, unsurprisingly, one of the better sounding, current local projects. With bluesy folk-guitar riffs, the whole EP tends to ramble on in the least boring way possible. This EP was a great precursor to their full-length, *Age*, which came out a little more recently. I only have two complaints:



The devil imagery in blues-inspired music may be classic, but it is getting pretty fucking contrived, and at times, **Matt Hoenes** sounds a little bit like **Tim Kasher** (rough and whiney). Even with those complaints, it is still one of my favorite local releases of the year. If you like their full length, it is definitely worth a listen. *–Cody Hudson*

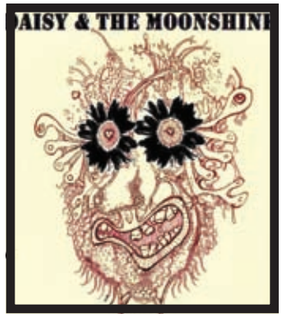
American Hitmen
Soundtrack of Violence
Self-Released
Street: 02.14
American Hitmen = Buckcherry + Candlebox
Listening to American Hitmen is like jumping into a Hot Tub Time Machine. Instead of going all the way back to the '80s, this time travel adventure sends you back to the early '90s when rock bands still had all the flash and machismo of spandex-rocking '80s metal bands, but were also starting to embrace a little bit of a dark, moody, creative side. The compositions here are tight and creative. You can tell everyone in this band has a strong mastery of his/her instrument. With bodacious vocal performances from singer **Tim Cord**, I really feel like these guys should petition **Chad Kroeger** from **Nickleback** and demand an opening slot on their tour, because everyone needs to experience the extreme awesomeness that these dudes exude. *–Jon Robertson*

Chainwhip
Heartless and Miserable
Self-Released
Street: 01.24
Chainwhip = Iskra + Rudimentary Peni
The Salt Lake punk scene's own **Critter** fronts Chainwhip with his screechy vocal assault, accompanying a cacophonous mix of thrash and crusty hardcore. As with most demos from a local hardcore band, the lo-fi recording quality stands out at first, but only becomes more and more charming and appropriate as the release claws along. The band evinces their versatility as they transfer from the galloping thrash of opener "Disease" into the more dirge-like atmosphere of "Isolation," where drummer **Corbin Baldwin** pumps at his double-kick pedals. Chainwhip also delve into a bit of blackened doom in "Mosquito," as the (seemingly) down-tuned guitar and bass ring out as a thick base over which Critter disgorges drawn-out shrieks. "Rats in the Walls" sticks out most, as the tempo-switches and chunky palm muting provide a great background for Critter to hold his vocals back, then suddenly push forward to lend the song some punch when it speeds up, ultimately bolstering the insane lyrics. *–Alexander Ortega*

The Chevalier
Welcome to Hell, Harvey
Self-Released
Street: 02.07
The Chevalier = Jacobi Wichita + The Mars Volta
The Chevalier is bombastic! **Aaron Micheal Peat** (vocals and guitar) and **Konner Alek Hale** (drums) are intense. It's like listening to some really early **Glassjaw** demos and hearing all the promise and potential in the world. This is progged-out, experimental post-screamo at its finest. The guitar-playing and drumming is raw and rough, but interesting throughout the whole album. The highlight for this band is Peat's vocals—he has the ability to do the gravelly scream thing and still bring the clean, high-soaring vocals. With the addition of bass player **Erich Newey** to the band, I can't wait for them to hone their sound and polish things up. *–Jon Robertson*

The Chickens
Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street:12.09.11
The Chickens = Lettuce + James Brown guitar + a bit o' Steely Dan
The Chickens are classic instrumental jazz by extraordinarily talented musicians. Without a piece out of place, this easy listen will keep you company from Point A to Point B, as a soundtrack to your dinner party, music to study by, music to shimmy to ... the list goes on and on. The tunes are well written, if semi-predictable within the genre, and every member fulfills their role with aplomb. The basics—guitar, bass and drums—not only hold up their end of the bargain in this vast ensemble, but truly put the solid foundation under the various horns, keys and effects, rounding out the tunes. The production is perfection, with the layers of music folded together like a delicious trifle. Yum. I can't see any reason why you shouldn't go out and snag yourself a copy today. *–Ischa B.*

Daisy & The Moonshines
Daisy EP
Self-Released
Street: 12.02.11
Daisy & The Moonshines = The Dead Weather + The Black Keys



This band has three things that make them dangerously worthwhile: class, soul and groove. It would be difficult to listen to their music and not feel engaged in some way or another—whether it be to the visceral, bluesy feel (such as in the song "50's Kill Off!") or the genuine lyrics that thread the album together. With inspiration ranging from **Aretha Franklin** to **The Red Hot Chili Peppers**, the members of Daisy & The Moonshines know how to get a crowd moving. Their sound incorporates ravishing bass lines and an almost nostalgic, classic rock-esque guitar—as well as killer drums and vocals. The song "Daisy" stands out as especially striking, well developed and mature. While the album is worth acquiring, I recommend catching these cats live for a thumpin' good time. Who's bringing the whiskey? *–Kia McGinnis*

Damien Fairchild
For All the Girls
Self-Released
Street: 02.14
Damien Fairchild = Brian Wilson + The Ruby Suns + The Rentals
If you're at all familiar with

the local music scene, chances are you know who **Drew Danburry** is. However, this will be the first time you've heard of Damien Fairchild, Danbury's lovesick lothario of an alter ego. In *For All the Girls*, Fairchild sings soliloquies about every female he's possibly ever—at one point or another—desired. He seals his overtures with an eclectic mash of sunshine pop and baroque pop with impeccably cheery vocals, which induce a tranquilizing, wine-drunk sensation. The upbeat organ harmonies combined with the Brian Wilson-style vocal backing adds an extra layer of gloss over these love notes. This record is a much needed reprieve from the stagnating local pop scene. I'm certain Danburry can get away with donning the cloak of Damien Fairchild the next few winters as long as it continues to keep him (and his listeners) this warm. *–Gregory Gerulat*

The Departure

Virtual Beginnings EP
Self-Released
Street: 07.02.11
The Departure = Silverstein + Scary Kids Scaring Kids
The Departure are a brother-sister duo consisting of drummer **Maci** and singer/guitar player **Ryan DeBlanc**. Both Maci and Ryan are still in high school and their playing ability and song composition are quite advanced for their age. The EP consists of some solid, punk-revival power pop. While there are not a whole lot of surprises to be found, the siblings rip through the four tracks with precision and passion. It would have been nice to have a heard a few different influences and elements creep into the songs, while also adding a bit more rawness and grit to the recordings. As these two age, I hope they expand and experiment with their sound. Hopefully they will become the greatest bother/sister band since the magical and magnificent **Carpenters**—but hardcore style. *–Jon Robertson*

Flea Circus

Remix Tape
Self-Released
Street: 10.28.11
Flea Circus = the entire freshmen class - Cheese Wiz Khalifa - Sac Miller
It'll make you shimmy, shimmy, ya. Sample-heavy and boogie-friendly, for real, so many samples I won't bother to get into it. Flea Circus brought the tunesmithism. The lyrics are cookie-cutter and perfect to dance to. Why pay attention to lyrics when you can be dancing around your apartment, drinking your Sprite and wine? "Love Safe" is the heart-heavy tale of what I can only imagine falling in love at *Studio 600* with a Mormon is like, and the differences that would ensue between parties. "Eyes Without A Face" sounds like **Wale**, but "Money Power Women" sounds like **Lupe Fiasco**, and for the cherry on top, "Strings Attached" sounds like **Shwayze**—so the talent range is clearly impressive. I have not a clue where the beat came from on "Smoking Gun," but it's a perfect song to set you out the door on that **Rebecca Black**-type Friday. *–Jemie Sprankle*

Isle of Skye

Caber Toss
Self-Released
Street: 12.10.11
Isle of Skye = Bob Dylan + Neil Young + Meat Puppets



Bluesy, folksy and right at home here in Utah, the home of every variation of the jammy-jam band, **Isle of Skye** is making the soulful kind of music that is more personal expression and less pre-packaged and commercial. The songwriting is expressive and poetic with sometimes-undecipherable content, but certainly flowery and artsy in its composition. The execution of the music is interesting. The vocals are raw and sometimes just a little bit sloppy, which, rather than taking away from the album, helps to communicate the bluesy vibe. A mish-mash of instruments is present, including everything from the organ to the glockenspiel, which furthers the perception that they are experimenting, making music for the sake of making music. It's not hard to listen to, and I don't think you'll regret it if you do. If you are a musician, you may even find yourself inspired by the diversity in the instrumentation, among other things. *–Ischa B.*

L'anarchiste

L'anarchiste EP
Self-Released
Street: 12.20.11
L'anarchiste = Sufjan Stevens + Local Natives
If all goes as planned, expect to hear a lot more from the fledgling band L'anarchiste. Eclectic, complex and a big bowl of folk for breakfast, L'anarchiste's EP is a year's worth of fine tuning by **Robert LeCheminant**, current member of **Summerteeth** and occasional contributor to **Fox Van Cleef**. To the uncouth ear, L'anarchiste sounds like Sufjan Stevens, which is, in many ways, an asset. What draws L'anarchiste and Stevens into commonality is not only the solid brass back-up and dissident vocal harmony, but the attention to detail. Tracks like "Stony" and "Sleep" sound warm and round, and focus on tonal construction. It is clear that LeCheminant has spent a great deal of time on the EP's production—I just hope the band can accurately reproduce it live. If you are a fellow folker, I suggest you seek this one out. *–Alex Cragun*

Max Pain and the Groovies

Tortilla Gold
Self-Released
Street: 11.25.11
Max Pain and the Groovies = The Doors + The (International) Noise Conspiracy
Tortilla Gold, the latest release from the Groovies, is seven tracks of jangling, bluesy rock n' roll. This band plays a great live show, always getting the crowd thrashing around. Fast rockers such as "Electro Cosmic Chronic Jam" and "Doin Time" capture that energy, while the slow groove of "Piano" and "Good Olds Blues" show a more melodic, tightened-up side of the band. *Tortilla Gold* is a solid recording, and it shows how good Max Pain and the Groovies can sound—the guitar work on "Wanna Get Lit" in particular. My only qualms concern the vocals. **David Johnson**'s wailing, which works perfectly within the frantic pace of "Doin Time," feels out of place on the beautiful, spaced-out meandering of "Good Olds Blues," which is such a good song. If Johnson exhibited a little restraint sometimes, Max Pain and the Groovies could make a much more compelling record. *–Cody Kirkland*

Roses and Exile

Nomads
Dungeon
Street: 01.13
Roses and Exile = (Sisters of Mercy x Current 93) + Wendy Carlos
Yet another project by local **Christopher Alvarado** (**Twilight Transmissions**, **Little Sap Dungeon**, **Harsh Reality**), Roses and Exile is on its way out with this bang of a final album. With the help of **Cathy** and **Eric Fillion** (**Sanmarkande**), **Michael Browser** (**Leaders of Men**) and others, Alvarado dredges up dank neo-folk experimentation of the 1980s, layers it with a velvet-black tar of electronic, rock and ambient noodling, and finishes it off with glittering spoken-word gems. Standout tracks include the big gothic anthem, "Flies in Heat," and the eerie, skeletal "The First to Die Trying." Finishing off with an industrial-metal dance number, "Love Lies Bleeding," the album shows many facets. The individual tracks drip like a laudanum lure and together spin a nightmare web of an album. *–Madelyn Boudreaux*

Summerteeth

How I Got in the Room EP
Self-Released
Street: 12.10.11
Summerteeth = Grandaddy + Phoenix
Summerteeth's recent release is a conglomeration of swirling hooks and high-neck diddles played through synth-pop keyboard. The EP has an early '00s indie rock influence that plays out well with its lo-fi guitars, discordant vocals and simple chord progressions. The



four-piece's winter release is primarily the brain child of **Andy Westenhaver** and is produced by bandmate **Robert LeCheminant**. The EP starts strong and ends strong—I never felt underwhelmed or disappointed with a song. The songs "Ruby" and "I'm a Hunter" felt well paced, and they aren't musically overcrowded—a problem most modern indie bands have. However, during my initial sit-down-and-listen, there were moments where the songs seemed more involved in the circular motion of the riffs than the overall progression. If you go and download the album on *bandcamp.com,* please listen to the album with headphones first, otherwise you might miss the production quality.
–Alex Cragun

Visions of Decay
Post-Mortem Depression Part One: Pests, Plagues and 1 Other Thing
Self-Released
Street: 07.01.11
Visions of Decay = old Norma Jean + Chariot vocals + sludge and groove
Local metal hellions Visions of Decay recorded this EP in one epic basement-studio marathon, and it shows in the best of ways: It has that raw, home-grown edge that fits their experimental metal style. This album shows a ton of influences like **Norma Jean**-era metalcore, blues and black metal, to name a few. "Bloodweiser" is probably my favorite, with its bluesy solo and chunky double-bass ending—it's the strongest song on the album in terms of polished cohesiveness. "I Am 6" has a fantastic bass opening that immediately jazzes up your energy for the thrashing that's to come. I love the way the breakdown explodes on "Hoochie-Mama," and the distortion in the vocals as they come screaming in is particularly badass. While the experimentation is always a plus and is delivered here in mostly positive ways, I'm excited to see how this process gets refined for them on future albums, and how seamless they can make the songs. *–Megan Kennedy*

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MUSIC REVIEWS

A Place to Bury Strangers

Onwards to the Wall
Dead Oceans
Street: 02.07
A Place to Bury Strangers = Joy Division + Sonic Youth



EPs are typically used by artists as a low-stakes outlet for getting some left-of-center ideas off their chests. Don't let the format here fool you, though—*Onwards to the Wall* is five songs worth of A Place to Bury Strangers doing the same motorik post-punk they've been forging for two albums now. You may even wonder if you've heard some of these songs before. The lack of adventurousness may be telling—A Place to Bury Strangers may be admitting here their lack of interest in any grand narrative. But it's not a bad thing if you happen to like taut, dark, catchy music, which I do. (*Urban*: 03.11) –*Nate Housley*

The Alligators

Time's Up, You're Dead
Bridge 9
Street: 03.27
The Alligators = Insted + Agnostic Front + Cerebral Ballzy

Thank God The Alligators didn't decide to "branch out" musically as a supergroup. Comprised of **Roger Miret** (Agnostic Front) and 3/4 of Insted, The Alligators aren't trying to make a sonic jazz odyssey on *Time's Up, You're Dead.* Instead, they're throwing it back to their roots. And a throwback by people who were there tends to work (**OFF!** falls into this category as well). The only sonic departure on this album is the marching band drumline that closes out "Cause and Effect," with the gang vocal "We gotta stand and fight/start a fucking riot" screamed over the top. Don't worry, it's not as cringe-worthy as it sounds. Don't expect any masters-level theses on politics; what you get here are fist-pumping, tear-down-the-system bursts of rage. Miret's vocals are significantly Grover-reduced on this album, setting it apart from recent Agnostic Front output. And, even though Insted was posi and upbeat back in the day, those guys can go hard when they need to. Was there really any doubt that this wasn't going to be at least halfway decent? –*Peter Fryer*

Andre Williams

Hoods and Shades
Bloodshot
Street: 02.28
Andre Williams = Barry White + Ike Turner + journeyman soul experience

Talk about paying your dues. Andre Williams has been involved in music in some capacity for over 50 years, yet he still is unknown to most people. This record came about in the summer of 2010. Williams performed at a soul music festival in Detroit and charmed so many of his fellow performers that they all got together the next day and recorded what can only be described as an old-school Motor City folk record. R&B roadmen **Don Was**, **Dennis Coffey** and **Jim White** helped to round out the nine-man, laidback soul group, over which Williams presides. The result is a familiar-sounding nod to the streets of Detroit, ripe with groove-driven music and steeped in lyrics about hustlers, hoodrats and danger—all guided by Williams' gravelly, soul-prophet voice. It is a slow record. It is familiar because it relies heavily on the backbone of R&B standards and progressions. It has a real garage-rock feel to it as well, since it was recorded on the fly by musicians who barely knew each other. It isn't as saucy as some of his other recent work, but that may work to its benefit. I mean, imagine that, an Andre Williams record you could actually play on the radio! –*James Bennett*

Anti-Flag

The General Strike
SideOneDummy
Street: 03.20
Anti-Flag = The Clash + Comeback Kid + Street Dogs



In contrast to recent work, Anti-Flag take *The General Strike* in the direction they would have gone from the material they released on their split with **Bouncing Souls**. The 22-second opener "Controlled Opposition" demonstrates that Anti-Flag have deviated from pop-punk mixed with folk, slamming out three lines of lyrics over a vicious D-beat. Anti-Flag overcome the cheesiness in which they were somewhat mired from being too direct, which often taints political rock; "1915" exhibits the use of narrative, historical perspective, and quotes to communicate the potential of workers to spur progress. Anti-Flag employ snippets of language that read surprisingly poetic over fierce power chords and a raging beat in "Bullshit Opportunist." In terms of musical composition, Anti-Flag skew song structure, such as in "Turn a Blind Eye," where there isn't a clear chorus, but the song as a whole is catchy as hell. This album conveys balance between politics and art, music and songwriting—get it. –*Alexander Ortega*

The Asteroids Galaxy Tour

Out of Frequency
BMG Rights
Street: 01.31
The Asteroids Galaxy Tour = Gorillaz + M.I.A. + The Ting Tings



The Asteroids Galaxy Tour is a pop duo from Denmark made up of **Mette Lindberg** (vocals) and **Lars Iversen** (producer). The follow-up to their debut, *Fruit* (2009), *Out of Frequency* is just as good as the first album, if not better. TAGT have an impressively full sound, especially for only having two members. The album has horns, screams, drums, guitars—the works. It actually reminds me quite consistently of the energy that college marching bands bring to sporting events. They are on point, full of vitality, and deliver exactly what you expect from them—every track on the album makes you want to get up and cheer. "Major" is a standout track, with its crazy drum rolls, chants you can sing right along with, and a feel-good chorus. Another great track is "Heart Attack," with a synth solo right in the middle and the electric organ. Really, this whole thing is a masterpiece, and the Asteroids Galaxy Tour should be proud of what they've accomplished. –*Kylie Cox*

Barren Earth

The Devil's Resolve
Peaceville
Street: 03.13
Barren Earth = Opeth + Insomnium + Swallow the Sun



It's hard not to say this sounds like Opeth in their prime of *Still Life* and *My Arms, Your Hearse,* but that's not necessarily a bad thing, considering Opeth is now in completely progressive realms. *The Devil's Resolve* is a straight-up melodic progressive death metal opus. The progressive nature of *The Devil's Resolve* is, thankfully, minimal—you'll spend the bulk of this album listening to blunt, foreboding guitars with acoustics, guitar leads and soloing meant to complement the main darkness of the album's eight tracks. Album opener, "Passing of the Crimson Shadows," sets the pace and tone of the record and plays out like a recap of the band's debut. "As it is Written" sees Barren Earth in their own unique glories—it truly feels new and fresh, and is the track most listeners will return to. Other tracks are just as meaty, with

dark harmonies, setting a new standard for the genre and giving Opeth die-hards something to pine over and get their "heavy-with-melodies" fix. *–Bryer Wharton*

Black Bananas
Rad Times Xpress IV
Drag City
Street: 01.31
Black Bananas = Empire of the Sun + The Go-Go's + The Beatles (*The White Album*)



It's an acid trip of an album. It's weird. It's awesome. It's mildly uncomfortable at times. But you still go back for more, again and again. Take another hit ... don't be afraid. This album is the first by the new project Black Bananas, a band that evolved from the remnants of **RTX**, the previous project of vocalist and band-leader **Jennifer Herrema**, and her bunch of music-minded cohorts. It's wild and exciting, and with influences sourced from the classic, female-fronted rock bands of the '70s to modern electronic experiments, the album is, above all, very bouncy and danceable. It'll surely leave you with an afterglow, but if you wait too long before popping it in again, beware the comedown. *–Ischa B.*

Cate le Bon
CYRK
The Control Group
Street: 01.17
Cate le Bon = Fiery Furnaces + Beach House + She & Him



Following her debut album, *Me Oh My* (2010), Cate le Bon unveils *CYRK,* an album devoted to the experiences she has had over the past two years. Booking shows from *SXSW* to *Café Hotel* to Glastonbury, it's safe to say that she has kept herself quite busy. This album shows maturity from her last, and showcases an established, more existential and experimental side to her music. *CYRK* highlights her deep and seductive voice, with songs and whispers that lure you in with every note. A highlight track is the wistful ballad "The Man I Wanted." It has lyrics any woman can relate to, such as "He would make my hands his home, the man I wanted." Another standout track is the upbeat "Falcon Eyed," with its chorus sung in octaves and impossibly indecipherable lyrics. "Puts Me to Work" is another good one, and it has some heavy guitar riffs that remind me of the early days of **The Strokes**. Overall, *CYRK* is light, pleasant and the perfect record to fit into the quintessential indie soundtrack. Just the kind of songs you'd play when the trees start to bloom, and just in time. *–Kylie Cox*

Classics of Love
Self-Titled
Asian Man
Street: 02.14
Classics of Love = Night Birds +



Common Rider + The Explosion
Holy shit, this rules. I mean, I knew it would be pretty awesome since Classics of Love features **Jesse Michaels** (**Operation Ivy**, Common Rider) and all three members of **Hard Girls**, but this album kicks parts of my ass that I didn't even know I had. While their 2009 EP *Walking in Shadows* exposed the punkier side of Michaels that had laid dormant since his time in Operation Ivy, this full-length album takes it to a whole new level, infusing early '80s hardcore speed ("What a Shame," "It Will Not be Moved") and even some ska ("Castle in the Sky," "Bandstand"). The best part of the album, though, is that you can actually sense how excited Michaels is about making music again, through his impassioned and urgent vocals. It's hard to describe, but this just feels like a punk rock record should. It's still early in the year, but I seriously can't see how any other punk album could be better than this one. *–Ricky Vigil*

Crushed Stars
In the Bright Rain
Simulacra
Street: 03.06
Crushed Stars = Kissing Cousins



+ Morrissey
Moody without being quite emo, dark but not the teeniest bit goth, this album must be what the kids call "indie" these days, because I don't know where else it would fall. Sensitive-young-man **Todd Gautreau** could teach **Game Theory** a thing or two about hurt feelings as he warbles, Morrissey-like, and wanders though some dreary nights. Decently written and recorded, the album gnaws at me, but never quite manages to get its teeth into my brain—song after song floats by on sad little gossamer wings, pretty but without guile or, alas, soul. Possibly most telling is that the closest thing to a standout track, "House on the Hill," is an **Epic Soundtracks**/**Kevin Godfrey** (**Crime and the City Solution**, **These Immortal Souls**) cover. But play this for your next cute, quirky-girl date and I bet you'll get laid. *–Madelyn Boudreaux*

The Darcys
AJA
Arts & Crafts
Street: 01.24
The Darcys = Steely Dan – (Walter Becker + Donald Fagen) + Radiohead
After releasing their self-titled, sophomore album last October, The Darcys decided to take on the challenge of reworking one of the most brilliant albums of jazz history: Steely Dan's *Aja.* The irony in this rework is that The Darcys have stripped *Aja* of all its groove and swing and turned it into a darker, dream pop style, exemplary of popular music today. The rework as a whole is stylistically dumbed down and much less interesting than the original, but this is due more to the nature of the genre than a fault of the band. Steely Dan's lyrics were notoriously dark and esoteric, and so the dark musical undertones that the Darcys have added to the sound help to bring the darkness of the subject matter to life in a way, but **Jason Couse**'s voice doesn't hit the ear quite as forcefully as does Donald Fagen's (lead singer of Steely Dan). Knowing the original album so well, I can't get into the Darcys' version due to the stylistic differences, but it is certainly an interesting, contemporary take on a legendary jazz album. *–Chris Proctor*

Every Time I Die
Ex Lives
Epitaph
Street: 03.06



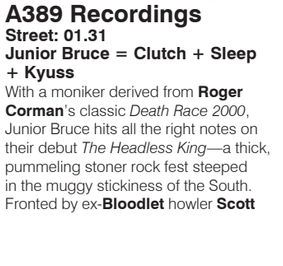
Every Time I Die = Alice in Chains + The Bronx + *Hot Damn!*-era Every Time I Die
Every Time I Die's brand of Southern-tinged metalcore used to scratch me right where I itch. Hell, I'll even admit to owning (loving) *Hot Damn!* and spinning it consistently throughout high school ... But ETID records in 2004 and 2012 are thoroughly different animals. Although *Ex Lives* freely back-glances to the competent grooving, tongue-in-cheek lyrics and achingly familiar "fast bit/slow fadeout" formula of the early millenium, its strength is only realized when it strays from its own path. In fact, it's only when the band freely embraces the clanging caterwaul of their Dixie-boogie tendencies (banjo pickin' on "Partying is Such Sweet Sorrow," or the ghostly **Staley** bray of "Drag King") or abandons their niche completely ("Indian Giver"'s stoner-robic space romp ranks as a creative zenith) that *Ex Lives* makes much impact. The rest of the time, clipped, frenetic and a tad derivative, it sputters like tired holdovers from high school's dog days. *–Dylan Chadwick*

Howler
America Give Up
Rough Trade
Street: 01.16
Howler = The Strokes + Television + Weezer + meh



Give Up America is a cute and shiny pop record, covered in a thin layer of dirt and grime, mixing sounds of sunny '60s California pop and mid-'00s Strokes-flavored rock. All of the songs sound good, are almost catchy, and have a nice, lighthearted vibe. Each track could stand alone as a single, and will probably see radio airplay—*Give Up America*, Howler's first full-length album, was even featured on NPR's *First Listen.* But no matter how much I like the record's title, *Give Up America* is just America's latest installment of mediocre rock music. If it wasn't for frontman **Jordan Gatesmith**'s weird, exaggerated vocals, I wouldn't be able to distinguish Howler from any other pop or rock band on the radio. Although *Give Up America* sounds kind of cool, I'll probably forget about it within a week or two. Howler are good at what they do, and that is making unexceptional rock music. Take *Give Up America* for what it is: just OK. (*Kilby*: 03.30) *–Cody Kirkland*

Hunx
Hairdresser Blues
Hardly Art
Street: 02.28
Hunx = Jacuzzi Boys + Xray Eyeballs + The 321s



The debut solo EP from **Seth Bogart** of **Hunx and His Punx** isn't exactly what I expected. While his material with Hunx and His Punx bursts at the seams with flamboyance and **John Waters** style trash (that's the good kind), the songs on *Hairdresser Blues* feel a bit lonely and heartbroken. Although the lyrics on "Let Me In" are melancholy, where it seems as if Bogart is begging a former lover to "Let me into your life and finish what you started," the guitars are poppy and upbeat—it's a dichotomy that gets played with throughout the 10-track EP. On tracks like "Hairdresser Blues" and "Private Room," the playfulness Hunx and his Punx are known for emerges. Ultimately, *Hairdresser Blues* is different enough from Bogart's work with Punx that it's interesting, and yet it's similar enough that it won't alienate his existing fans. *–Jeanette D. Moses*

Junior Bruce
The Headless King
A389 Recordings
Street: 01.31
Junior Bruce = Clutch + Sleep + Kyuss
With a moniker derived from **Roger Corman**'s classic *Death Race 2000*, Junior Bruce hits all the right notes on their debut *The Headless King*—a thick, pummeling stoner rock fest steeped in the muggy stickiness of the South. Fronted by ex-**Bloodlet** howler **Scott Angelacos**, Junior Bruce has crafted an impressive debut. The bass is turned up in the mix, and the production is thick, but the instruments remain discernible. And as for Angelacos' voice—it was unique in the hardcore scene, and is just as unique in the stoner-metal realm. The man must drink straight motor oil, smoke two packs a day and gargle nails—in short, it's tremendous. The only snipe that can be taken at *The Headless King* is that some riffs can repeat a few times too many, but then again, that may just be the point of stoner metal. Get on this. *–Peter Fryer*

Labretta Suede and The Motel 6
Dirty & Dumb
Self-Released
Street: 02.16
Labretta Suede and The Motel 6 = The Coffin Lids + Deadbolt + Mad Marge and The Stone Cutters
Rock n' roll refugees from Auckland, New Zealand, **Labretta Suede** and **Johnny Moondog** (not their Christian names, I'm pretty sure), after having reformed their greasy rock outfit with a new rhythm section, have cranked out 11 tracks of primal rock that draw on the three purest rock n' roll genres: punk, garage and rockabilly. Labretta's strength is her attitude—that low and smoky growl that she's got will get through to any red-blooded male. The songs are verging on simplistic, but restraint has paid off here; nothing gets in the way of the obvious centerpiece of the band, which is Labretta's performance, so with the band trucking along tightly behind her, she's able to take it anywhere she wants. The boogie of "Mean Mouthed Mamma" gets anyone with a pulse moving. "Priscilla the Monkey Girl," is the strange, spoken-word story about carnival freaks that gets weirder as it goes on. Honestly, this is bare-bones, black leather jacket caveman rock n' roll with a spooky hot chick as a lead singer—kind of a no-brainer formula to follow, with few places to go wrong. *–James Orme*

Lindstrøm
Six Cups of Rebel
Feedelity
Street: 02.07
Lindstrøm = The Knife + Gang Gang Dance + Prince
This guy was all over the "Best of" lists for 2008's release *Where You Go I Go Too,* and has managed to build upon his reputation and dated sounds without sounding, well, dated. The opening intro track brings to mind some sort of spirit-evoking gothic church organ, anticipating sounds that are moody and dismal. It's the perfect introduction to the Norwegian super-DJ's fourth album, because from this dark and cloudy organ, there is just no telling where Lindstrøm is going to take you. Already creating waves on *Pitchfork* and *Stereogum,* this disco-based producer is



pushing the boundaries of a disco-type heavy techno genre that one would think has long been played out. Here, you hear his skittering vocals over the top of Italo-disco dance beats and conjured '80s synth lines, with all the macabre happiness of dark places. On the fourth track, "Quiet Place to Live," the layered pops and bass lines are anything but sparse, yet they aurally construct a landscape that is so pleasant and airy, you can't believe that it's constructed of matter at all. This is a seminal balance of Lindstrøm's impressive working talents. *–Mary Houdini*

Little Barrie
King Of Waves



Tummy Touch Records
Street: 02.28
Little Barrie = Primal Scream + 22-20s
In 2005, the Nottingham trio Little Barrie released their debut album, *We Are Little Barrie*. Flash-forward seven years and after the addition of drummer and vocalist **Virgil Howe** (son of **Yes** guitarist **Steve Howe**), the band shows maturity and a newfound confidence. Once again, they team up with indie legend **Edwyn Collins** as co-producer to continue their brand of bluesy soul sounds from the garage. They catch a gritty wave in the garage on the psychobilly-esque opener "Surf Hell." There's a vintage, effervescent swagger to "How Come," while the title track takes you on a smooth blues-influenced ride. They show off their **Jim Morrison** impression on "Dream to Live," and kick their raw attitude into high gear on "Tip It Over." *King of the Waves* is slick from start to finish. *–Courtney Blair*

Meshuggah
Koloss
Nuclear Blast
Street: 03.27
Meshuggah = Vildhjarta +



Textures + what every so-called "djent" band wishes they were
To answer the loyal Meshuggahites, the big question is, is *Koloss* going to disappoint them? Not at all, not in the slightest. I've always admired the way these Swedes can manipulate generally the same tones and chords into multi-layered and dynamic albums. Layers upon layers is what you're going to get with the new album. In terms of flat-out mechanized, cold, bristling discontent with that extra hint of rage, *Koloss* beats the band's last album, *Obzen,* into oblivion. Formulas the band's been working with since *Nothing,* which made every fan or newcomer of the band go crazy, are used here to their maximum potential. If the year goes on and people aren't talking about this album, I'll be at a loss. I always wondered if the guys in the band liked math in school. *Koloss* plays out like a physics lesson gone horribly wrong—the album creates equations on top of equations that equal the right answer, but somehow in the wrong way. *Koloss* brings the elements from the band's past few albums into one beast that, guaranteed, every time you listen, you're going to interpret differently or find something new. *–Bryer Wharton*

Nada Surf
The Stars are Indifferent to Astronomy
Barsuk Records
Street: 01.24
Nada Surf = Pavement + Built To Spill + Thermals



When it comes to a band whose exaltation sprang from the mindless,

MTV-promoted anthem, "Popular," it's hard to believe they'd still be able to make a feasible living. On the other hand, Nada Surf still remain one of the grandfathered outfits of staple '90s alt-rock. They furthermore remind us of it with their latest release, *The Stars are Indifferent to Astronomy*. The opening track, "Clear Eye Clouded Mind," is a sign of things to come—crunchy and fast-paced hooks with pervasive power chords reminiscent of **The Replacements**. Longtime fans will probably enjoy the slower and original-sounding "When I Was Young," and "Jules and Jim." The lyrics focus around being young, and adolescent nostalgia. And by that, I mean almost all of the album's lyrics. This record is good, but it would be better if it smacked less of an impending midlife crisis. (*Urban*: 03.27) *–Gregory Gerulat*

Nedry
In a Dim Light
Monotreme Records
Street: 03.12
Nedry = (Portishead - Beth Gibbons, Geoff Barrow and Adrian Utley) or (Wayne Knight's character in *Jurassic Park* - the dinosaurs)



Just in time for spring comes another seemingly faceless band with a bunch of depressing-sounding bleeps and blips accompanied by grating vocals, all fashioned together and labeled "songs." While not quite as tragic as nails down a chalkboard, singer **Ayu Okakita**'s vocals are affected and border on child-like, annoying warbling, as though she hasn't quite mastered the English language she's attempting to sing in. There are two other members behind the generic electronic sounds—**Matt Parker** and **Chris Amblin**—but they haven't created anything remarkable. Lead single "Violaceae" is unwelcoming and dark, and it is just plain sad when the best song on the album ends up being a two-minute instrumental entitled "Land Leviathan." The label's website states that Okakita "absorbed **T.S. Eliot**'s *Four Quartets*" as inspiration, but hearing the poor girl's cloying vocals is more akin to imaging she took a page from his *Old Possum's Book of (Im)practical (Alley) Cats* instead. *–Dean O Hillis*

Pontiak
Echo Ono
Thrill Jockey
Street: 02.21
Pontiak = Dax Riggs + Naam + Love Battery



A trio of Virginia brothers playing rock n' roll with a '70s bent? Might seem like a saccharine copycat of that **Kings of Leon** group o' goofballs, but this ain't no Barnes and Noble soccer-mom shit. This is riffs and fuzzed-out stoner-robic melodies for long drives on the Wyndorf expressway. Monolithic analog drums (think **Grand Funk**'s *Closer to Home*) shake the Earth off its tilt and the Mississippi Queen's wigglin' her moneymaker. Sure, you've already heard it (**MeteorCity**'s no secret) but it's done with such loose precision and hypno-swagger you'll swear it's the only good thing you've heard in years. All I'm saying is, had I been a teen in the Nixon era, hearing "Left with Lights" or "Across the Steppe" would've steered me clear of that snarky punk-rock nonsense for good. Gimme loud guitars. Gimme solos. Gimme effects pedals. Gimme a time machine. *–Dylan Chadwick*

Saltillo
Monocyte
Artoffact Records
Street: 02.07
Saltillo = Tim Hecker + EntropiK + Beats Antique



If **Mozart** took some acid and locked himself in the studio with **The Glitch Mob**, the resulting music would probably sound a lot like *Monocyte*. The album places acoustic and electronic music side by side, practically begging for them to contradict. And yet, under the expert production of Saltillo, the two extremes (the strings and the drum machines) complement each other perfectly, creating a sound that is at once archaic and futuristic. The bass and drums are glitchy, experimenting with catch and release, with silence and syncopated kicks. The strings are draped on top; beautiful, antique melodies that are perfectly haunting. Saltillo has created true modern classical music that looks back into music history, but falls back on truly 21st-century beats. His composition is reminiscent of **Emancipator**, with an appreciation of the ebb and flow. He pulls out instruments one by one, letting the song build up and release organically. Sparse, well-placed vocal samples provide a narrative of mood for the album, enhancing the emotional resonance of the strings. *–Jessie Wood*

Spielgusher
Self-Titled
Clenchedwrench
Street: 01.17
Spielgusher = Mike Watt + Richard Meltzer + Japanese pop-punk



Mike Watt can do no wrong. He can confuse the hell out of you sometimes, though, because he's making music for himself and he couldn't give two fucks what the rest of the world thinks. This is one of those cases where the project was important to Watt, but we may not always know what to make of it. In its purest form, Spielgusher is the result of a long-shelved **Minutemen** project. Richard Meltzer, an early rock critic, DJ, and former **Blue Öyster Cult** lyricist, had sent Watt some poetry to be set to music. Of course, **D. Boon** died and the project never came to light. Recently, Meltzer recorded spoken word versions of 40 of his poems—including many of the 10 "spiels" he had sent to Watt all those years ago. At the same time, Watt was recording music with members of a Japanese pop group called **Cornelius**. This record unites these two projects into a trippy mixture of stand-alone poetry, marimba and bass-driven instrumentals and everything in between. Meltzer makes no attempt to sing and Watt makes little effort to disguise how unrelated all the parts of this recording are. That being said, it's pretty fantastic. With 63 tracks, there are bound to be some missteps, but it is so much better than the sum of its parts. And honestly, if you think you can make it work any better, start your own band. *–James Bennett*

Vaura
Selenelion
Wierd Records
Street: 02.28
Vaura = Swans x Earth



Vaura is serious. In an indie landscape where musicians haven't been irony-free since **Henry Rollins**' heyday, it takes some guts to title an album after a horizontal lunar eclipse. Fortunately, Vaura lend the appropriate gravity to their work without crossing the **Axl Rose** line into self-parody. *Selenelion* is satisfyingly dark and heavy. Vaura draw on the vibe of no-wavers like Swans, particularly in the vocal department, but also lend the sound an intuitive metallic touch. If a band can refrence **Borges** and title a song "Obsidian Damascene Sun" and still inspire fear, they're doing something right. *–Nate Housley*

Wymond Miles
Earth Has Doors
Sacred Bones Records
Street: 02.07
Wymond Miles = Ennio Morricone + Dirty Three + Marc Ribot

The four tracks on *Earth Has Doors* are majestic, but not grandiose. Recorded with a Tascam 388—a vintage cassette-recording console—the production is lush and refined rather than lo-fi, which is often associated with the sound of cassette. Spaghetti western guitar lines, atmospheric use of reverb and echo, rolling drums and bowed instruments create an absorbing sonic environment. The album has a short running time, but I started it again immediately after the last song ended. "As The Orchard is With Rain" is a good example of *Earth Has Doors*' tone, with delicately plucked violin, acoustic guitar and tape echo fluttering at alternating speeds. "Earth Has Doors, Let Them Open" begins with synths resembling a slowed-down Tubeway Army. While vocals are not prominent throughout, they have a great deal of presence when they do appear. Ideally, *Earth Has Doors* would be an EP for something greater. I want to hear more. *–T.H.*

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THE DAILY CALENDAR

Send your dates to dailycalendar@slugmag.com by the 25th of the previous month!

Friday, March 2
Lady Murasaki – *Bar Deluxe*
The Suicycles – *Brewskis*
Maraloka, Cornered By Zombies, Eagle Twin – *Burt's*
Los Hellcaminos – *Hog Wallow*
Daisy & The Moonshines, Golden Sun, Coyote Fever, Wildfire – *Kilby*
Radiation City, Don Juan, New Electric Sound, Tighty Willis – *Muse*
Salt City King's SLUT Walk – *Paper Moon*
Women Defining Space – *Sugar Space*
First Fridays: Fax, DJ Sam Eye Am – *UMOCA*
Dubwise – *Urban*
The Young Electric, J.Wride, Zac Kaiser, Jared Pierce – *Velour*
The Doa Tour – *Woodshed*
Add a Dash of Local Art featuring Trent Alvey (through March 31st) – Whole Foods Trolley Square Café
Happy Birthday, Grason Roylance!

Saturday, March 3
Workshop: Taking The Art Out Of Collage – *Art Access Gallery*
Mullet Hatchet – *Brewskis*
Mayson Lee & The Rockn'roll Spacestuds, The 77's – *Burt's*
Leftover Salmon – *Depot*
The Trappers, Folka Dots – *Garage*
Zach Hillyard Band – *Hog Wallow*
Lorin Cook & Friends – *Johnny's*
Lake Island, Mountain Hymns, The North Valley, YYBS – *Kilby*
The Lucky Strikes, The Lunatic, Mad, Billy Kincaid – *Muse*
Utah Film Center Screening: Eleanor's Secret – *Pleasant Valley Library Ogden*
Global Deejays, Leon Bolier, Designer Drugs, Downlink, Cold Blank, J.Rabbit – *Saltair*
Women Defining Space – *Sugar Space*
Belly Dance Spring Show – *Utah State Fairgrounds*
Crocodiles, Bleeding Rainbow – *Urban*
Imagine Dragons – *Velour*
More Than A Remnant, Fire in the Skies, Frontline – *Why Sound*
Mouth Of A Lion, American Attic – *Woodshed*
Happy Birthday, Sean Zimmerman-Wall!

Sunday, March 4
Toad, Oldtimer, Year of the Wolf – *Burt's*
Greeny Love, Inebriation, Aviatrix, The Mod Lang, The Rose Phantom – *Kilby*
Hooves, Daisy & The Moonshines, Wildcat Strike – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Melissa Cohn!

Monday, March 5
Blacklight Beerminton – *Bar Deluxe*
Stalemate Flesh – *Burt's*
Busdriver – *Urban*
Craft Lake City applications open for 2012 Festival – craftlakecity.com

Tuesday, March 6
Night Beats – *Bar Deluxe*
Backwoods Payback, Dwellers – *Burt's*
Dia Frampton – *Complex*
Reptar, Quiet Hooves – *Kilby*
Utah Film Center Screening: American Teacher – *SLC Main Library*
Hot Buttered Rum & Cornmeal – *State Room*
YACHT, Young Magic, Bobby Birdman – *Urban*

Wednesday, March 7
Dsco///Mnstr – *Bar Deluxe*
The Plastic Revolution, The Salt Lake Whalefishers – *Burt's*
Jesus or Genome – *Poplar Street Pub*
Summer in Alaska, Call it Cliché, Mouth Runner, Atlas – *Kilby*
Sublime With Rome, Everlast – *Saltair*
Hot Buttered Rum & Cornmeal – *State Room*
Memoryhouse, The Awful Truth – *Urban*

Thursday, March 8
The Stellar Corpses, Zombiance – *Burt's*
Young Dubliners – *Depot*
Mo Jo – *Hog Wallow*
Mynabirds, Paul Jacobsen & the Madison Arm – *Kilby*
Utah Film Center Screening: Louder Than A Bomb – *Pleasant Valley Library Ogden*
Workshop: Common Writing Errors – *SLCC Community Writing Center*
The Growlers, Allah-las, Spell Talk – *Urban*
Umphrey's Eve, Wafer, Giraffic Jam – *Woodshed*
Happy Birthday, Bryer Wharton!

Friday, March 9
Samuel Smith Band – *Bar Deluxe*
Afro Omega – *Brewskis*
Nine Worlds, Jesust, Sure Sign of the Nail, Jesus or Genome – *Burt's*
Scott H Biram, G. Love & Special Sauce – *Depot*
Pour Horse – *Hog Wallow*
Cloud Nothings, Mr. Dream, Laissez Bear – *Kilby*
Proving Ground, Eli Whitney, Becoming Everest – *Muse*
Toni's Birthday, Pink Party – *Paper Moon*
Hip Hop Roots – *Sugar Space*
Desert Noises – *Velour*
SLC International Tattoo Convention – *Salt Palace*
SLUG Localized: Ok Ikumi, The Moth & The Flame, Wake Up Nebula – *Urban*
Utah Film Center Screening: Arc of Light – *UMOCA*
Saturday, March 10
Teens, Art Fad, Owlright, Baby Ghosts, Don Juan, The Hypoxics – *727 1st Ave, SLC*
Studio Spring Cleaning Sale – *Art Access Gallery*
Capaddona, King Magnetic – *Bar Deluxe*
Nigel & The Metal Dogs – *Brewskis*
The Ataris, Racist Kramer, Victims Willing – *Burt's*
3Lau!, DJ Dizz, Steez – *Complex*
Wasatch Roller Derby: Black Diamond Divas vs Hot Wheelers – *Derby Depot*
Umphrey McGee – *Depot*
Andy Frasco – *Hog Wallow*
MC Pigpen, Pat Maine, Chance Lewis, Apt, YZE – *Muse*
Guster – *In The Venue*
Zach Hillyard Band – *Johnny's*
Burnell Washburn, ECID – *Kilby*
SLC International Tattoo Convention – *Salt Palace*
Afro Omega CD Release – *State Room*
Samba Fogo Queen Competition – *Sugar Space*
Film: Nine to Five – *UMFA*
Family Art Saturday: Moving Mobile Explosion – *UMOCA*
Youth Lagoon, Dana Buoy – *Urban*
Zombie Book Club – *Woodshed*
The SLUG Games: Shred the Park After Dark Presented by Scion – *Park City Mountain Resort*

Sunday, March 11
Pigeonwing, Columbian Necktie, Burn Your World, Chainwhip – *Burt's*
Josh Rosenthal CD Release, Seafinch, Owen Monroy – *State Room*
A Place To Bury Strangers, Tolchock Trio, Man Crate – *Urban*
SLC International Tattoo Convention – *Salt Palace*



A Place To Bury Strangers @ *Urban Lounge* 03.11

Monday, March 12
Blacklight Beerminton – *Bar Deluxe*
Lucky Tongue – *Burt's*
The 44s From SoCal – *Garage*
Kevin Seconds, Kepi Ghoulie, Secret Abilites, Matthew Nanes, The Mooks – *Kilby*
Bassnectar – *Saltair*
Howlin' Rain, The Shrine, Max Pain & The Groovies – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Sean Hennefer!

Tuesday, March 13
Motortrain, New York Rifles, American Attic – *Burt's*
The Black Velvet, Jack Wilkinson, Private Partners, We Drop Like Bombs The Hiccups– *Kilby*
Utah Film Center Screening: El Bulli: Cooking in Progress – *SLC Main Library*
Youth In Eyes, Dumb Luck, Malevolent MC, Cavelight Captains – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Rio Connelly!

Wednesday, March 14
Dsco///Mnstr – *Bar Deluxe*
Bastard John, The Plasturds – *Burt's*
Talia Keys, Gemini Mind – *Hog Wallow*
Chasing Constellations, Amelia Dalton, Envicta, Drifting Down – *Kilby*
Jesus or Genome – *Poplar Street Club*
The Aggrolites, Mike Pinto Band, Wasnatch – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Jake Vivori!

Thursday, March 15
Missionary Position, Jesus or Genome, Joel Pack – *Burt's*
Rebelution – *Depot*
Folk Hogan, Suedehead– *Kilby*
Mad Diving Barons Unplugged – *Muse*
Marinade, Pour Horse, Powerhand – *Urban*

Friday, March 16
Revolution United Kickoff Party: Charles Ellsworth and the Dirty Thirty, Holy Water Buffalo – *Bar Deluxe*
Vengeance, Brute Force, Eyes Of Damnation, Forseen Exile – *Burt's*
Wafer – *Brewskis*
Vengeance, Brute Force – *Burt's*
Chris Young – *Energy Solutions*
Tanglewood – *Hog Wallow*
Hold – *Muse*
Rejoin the Team, The Sheds, Latin for Truth, Trey the Ruler, On the Waterfront – *Kilby*
Jon Bean – *Copper Palate Press*
The Grey Dogs – *Paper Moon*
Karl Denson's Tiny Universe – *State Room*
Saul Williams, CX Kidtronik– *Urban*
Gallery: Perception featuring Miranda Whitlock, Blake Palmer and Verl Adams (runs through April 13) – *Utah Arts Festival Gallery Headquarters*
Tony Holiday, La Noche, Reckless Spirit – *Woodshed*
Eliza Rickman, Loo Steadman – *Why Sound*
Happy Birthday, Colby Takahashi!

Saturday, March 17
Workshop: Life in Stillness Digital Photography – *Art Access Gallery*
The Breakfast Klub – *Brewskis*
Thunderfist – *Burt's*
Junction City Roller Dolls: Aftershock vs 2011 Champion Aces – *Davis Conference Center*
Swagger – *Depot*
The Salamanders – *Garage*
Stonefed – *Hog Wallow*
Girls, Unknown Mortal Orchestra – *In The Venue*
Puddle Mtn. Ramblers – *Johnny's*
Eliza Rickman – *Muse*
Utah Film Center Screening: Stella and the Star of the Orient – *Pleasant Valley Library Ogden*
Karl Denson's Tiny Universe – *State Room*Third Saturday for Families: Self-Portrait Canvases – *UMFA*
This Is My Escape, Breaux, Revalator – *Kilby*
St. Patrick's Day Celebration with Laserfang, Ted Dancin' – *Urban*
Folk Hogan, 32 Bravo – *Woodshed*

Sunday, March 18
Guttermouth, Mouth Of A Lion – *Burt's*
Eliza Rickman – *Dig Collective House*

Monday, March 19
Industry Night Karaoke – *Burt's*
Tacocat, Baby Ghosts, Don Juan, Back Chat – *Muse*
Film: Miss Representation – *SLCC*
Cedars, Traveler's Cold, L'Anarchiste, Twinplus – *Kilby*
Maus Haus, Palace of Buddies, Birthquake – *Urban*

Tuesday, March 20
Prizehog, Nevertanezra – *Burt's*
Pickwick – *Kilby*
Circus Oz – *Kingsbury Hall*
Utah Film Center Screening: Into The Current – *SLC Main Library*
White Rabbits, Gull – *Urban*
Tyrone Wells – *Velour*

Wednesday, March 21
Calico Sage – *Burt's*
The Wonder Years, Polar Bear Club, Transit, The Story So Far, Into It. Over It. – *In The Venue*
Circus Oz – *Kingsbury Hall*
Jesus or Genome – *Poplar Street Club*
Head For The Hills, Dead Winter Carpenters – *State Room*
The Faculty Show Gallery Talk – *UMFA*
William Fitzsimmons, Denison Witmer – *Urban*

Thursday, March 22
James Leg, Black Diamond Heavies, Tupelo Moan – *Burt's*
AU, AAN, Desert Noises, Rain Rain Man – *Kilby*
Cat Fashion Show, Jokes (Stand Up Comedy) – *Muse*
Blitzen Trapper, Parson Red Heads – *State Room*
Soft White Sixties, Samuel Smith Band, Dirty Blonde – *Urban*
Archeology, The Horde & the Harem – *Velour*

Friday, March 23
Paid In Full – *Brewskis*
Hillfolk Noir, The Folkadots, Triggers & Slips – *Burt's*
Deicide, Jungle Rot, Abigail Williams, Lecherous Nocturne – *Complex*
Royal Bliss – *Depot*
Marinade – *Hog Wallow*
Typhoon, Motopony, The Hive Dwellers – *Kilby*
Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros – *Kingsbury Hall*
Andrew Jackson Jihad, Laura Stevenson, The Cans – *Mojos*
Stankbot Tyranny, Rags & Ribbons, No Kind Of Rider – *Muse*
Dykes n' Drag – *Paper Moon*
Artist, Interrupted: A Women's Art Collective – *Sugar Space*
Sleepy Sun, Spell Talk, Dark Seas – *Urban*
Nonoyesyes, Shivas, Suicycles – *Woodshed*

Saturday, March 24
Workshop: Classical Art of Toy Theatre Workshop – *Art Access Gallery*
Dysco Inferno – *Brewskis*
Poema, Carter Hulsey, Rocky Loves Emily – *Kilby*
Draize Method, All Systems Fail, Desolate – *Burt's*
SLC Nerd: Funktoast, Rev Mayhem, Rotten Musicians, Baby Ghosts – *Complex*
Wasatch Roller Derby: Bonneville Bone Crushers vs Magic City Rollers – *Derby Depot*
Soggybone – *Hog Wallow*
Sugartown – *Johnny's*
Music and the Law – *UMOCA*
Eligh, Amp Live, Cavelight Captains, Burnell Washburn – *Urban*
September Say Goodbye, Poor Ophelia, Tribes – *Why Sound*
Free Speech Syndicate – *Woodshed*
Happy Birthday, Joe Jewkes!
Sunday, March 25
Wasatch Roller Derby: Uinta Madness vs Magic City Rollers – *Derby Depot*
Mayson Lee and The Rock & Roll Space Studs, Daisy & The Moonshines, You Me and Apollo, Us Thieves – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Sam Milianta!

Monday, March 26
Industry Night Karaoke – *Burt's*
Donavon Frankenreiter – *Depot*
Rehab, Moonshine Bandits – *Urban*
You Me & Apollo, Cody Taylor – *Velour*
John Brown's Body, Afro Omega – *State Room*
Brainstorm, Silver Antlers, Seven Feathers Rainwater, Conquer Monster – *Kilby*

Tuesday, March 27
Aseethe, IX Zealot, Huldra – *Burt's*
Walk The Moon, new.body.electric – *Kilby*
A Loss For Words – *Mojos*
Utah Film Center Screening: Revenge of the Electric Car – *SLC Main Library*
Dr. Sketchy's – *Metro*
Sharon Van Etten, The War On Drugs – *State Room*
Nada Surf, An Horse – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Kylie Cox!

Wednesday, March 28
Sound and Shape, Simian Greeed – *Burt's*
Corey Smaller – *Hog Wallow*
I Set My Friends On Fire, Greeley Estates, A Bullet For Pretty Boy, A Lot Like Birds – *In The Venue*
Megafaun, Field Report – *Kilby*
Jesus or Genome – *Poplar Street Club*
Lucero, Larry & His Flask – *Urban*

Thursday, March 29
Dirty Filthy Mugs – *Burt's*
Say Anything – *Complex*
Puddle Mountain Ramblers – *Hog Wallow*
D9, Prime Time Real Estate, The Great Glass Elephant, Boxcar Strainsun – *Muse*
Lost In The Trees, Poor Man – *State Room*
Frankie and Johnny in the Claire de Lune – *Sugar Space*
Martin Zellar & The Hardways, Charlie Parr, Pony Wrench Gang – *Urban*
Chad Floyd, Liz Woolley, Nick Manning, Daniel Adams, Maryjane Dibble, Madison Sagers, Ashton Montgomery, Corinne Chadwick, Katie Jensen – *Why Sound*
Happy Birthday, Ischa Buchanan!

Friday, March 30
Steve Neve's Benefit: The Ulteriors, Vena Cava, Electric Space Jihad – *Burt's*
Old Californio – *Brewskis*
Black Dahlia Murder, Nile, Skeletonwitch – *Complex*
Know Your Roots – *Hog Wallow*
Annual Spring Sale – *Copper Palate Press*
The Ting Ting's – *In The Venue*
Howler, Yellow Ostrich, David Williams – *Kilby*
Exit Strategy, Aviatrix, Sparks Fire – *Mo's*
The Porch Storytelling with Joanna Brooks – *Muse*
Earth Jam Pageant – *Paper Moon*
Utah Film Center Screening: Snowmen – *Pleasant Valley Library Ogden*
We Came As Romans – *Saltair*
Frankie and Johnny in the Claire de Lune – *Sugar Space*
Gallery: salt 5: Daniel Everett (runs through July 29) – *UMFA*
Electric Six, Aficianado, Andy D – *Urban*
Withered Soul, Poor Ophelia – *Why Sound*
Happy Birthday, Hannah Christian!

Saturday, March 31
Alcohol Death Reunion Show: Truce, The Krypled, Dethblo – *Burt's*
Martin Sexton – *Canyon's Resort*
The Art of Transcendence, The Paramedic, The Persevering Promise, Hands of the Martyr, Loss of Sound, Arsenal of Destruction – *Kilby*
Task Rok, Linus Stubbs, D Strong, uMaNg – *Complex*
Junction City Roller Dolls Tryouts – *Davis Conference Center*
Joe Buck Yourself, The Hooten Hollers – *Garage*
Fun. (2:30 pm) – *Graywhale (Sandy)*
Trigger and Slips – *Hog Wallow*
Fun. (7:00 pm) – *In The Venue*
Tony Holiday Band – *Johnny's*
Eli Whitney, Ultraviolet Catastrophe, Ill Mannered Boy – *Muse*
Amy Ray, Lindsay Ray – *State Room*
Frankie and Johnny in the Claire de Lune – *Sugar Space*
Film: Soy Mi Madre – *UMFA*
Giraffula CD Release, Spirit Master CD Release, The Devil Whale, David Williams – *Urban*
Kid Brother, Hillary Murray – *Why Sound*
Lady Mrasaki – *Woodshed*

Sunday, April 1
The Coathangers, White Mystery – *Urban*

Monday, April 2
Author reading: Mike Doughty - The Book of Drugs – *State Room*
Big B, Bliss & Eso – *Urban*

Tuesday, April 3
JC Brooks & The Uptown Sound – *State Room*
Mr Gnome – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Dylan Chadwick!

Wednesday, April 4
Good Old War – *State Room*
Chairlift, Nite Jewel – *Urban*

Thursday, April 5
Races – *Kilby*
The Lumineers – *State Room*
Fanfarlo – *Urban*

Friday, April 6
Dubwise – *Urban*
Gravetown – *Why Sound*
Pick up the new issue of SLUG – *Anyplace Cool*



URBAN LOUNGE // MARCH

> Mar 01: Loom, Gaza, Bone Dance, Former Thieves
> Mar 02: DUBWISE
> Mar 03: Crocodiles, Bleeding Rainbow
> Mar 04: Hooves, Daisy & The Moonshines, Nathan Spenser & The Low Keys
> Mar 05: Busdriver
> Mar 06: YACHT, Bobby Birdman, DJ Dances With Wolves
> Mar 07: Memoryhouse, The Awful Truth
> Mar 08: KRCL PRESENTS The Growlers, ALLAH-LAS, Spell Talk
> Mar 09: SLUG Localized: OK Ikumi, The Moth & The Flame, Wake Up Nebula
> Mar 10: Youth Lagoon, Dana Buoy
> Mar 11: A Place To Bury Strangers, Tolchock Trio, Man Crate
> Mar 12: Howlin' Rain, The Shrine, Max Pain & The Groovies
> Mar 13: Youth In Eyes, Dumb Luck, Malevolent MC, Cavelight Captains
> Mar 14: The Aggrolites, Mike Pinto Band, Wasnatch
> Mar 15: Marinade, Pour Horse, Powerhard
> Mar 16: Saul Williams, CX Kidtronik
> Mar 17: ST. PATRICKS DAY with LASERFANG + Ted Dancin'
> Mar 19: Maus Haus, Palace of Buddies, Birthquake
> Mar 20: White Rabbits, Goals
> Mar 21: William Fitzsimmons, Denison Witmer
> Mar 22: The Soft White Sixties, Samuel Smith Band, Dirty Blonde
> Mar 23: Sleepy Sun, Spell Talk, Dark Seas
> Mar 24: Eligh & Amp Live, Cave Light Captains, Burnell Washburn
> Mar 25: Mayson Lee & The Daisy & The Moonshines, Rock & Roll Space Studs, You Me and Apollo, Us Thieves
> Mar 26: Rehab, Moonshine Bandits
> Mar 27: KRCL PRESENTS Nada Surf, An Horse
> Mar 28: Lucero, Larry & His Flask
> Mar 29: Martin Zellar and the Hardways, Charlie Parr, Pony Wrench Gang
> Mar 30: Electric Six, Aficionado, Andy D
> Mar 31: Spirit Master CD Release, Giraffula CD Release, The Devil Whale, David WIlliams

COMING SOON:
Apr 01: The Coathangers
Apr 02: Big B / Bliss & Eso
Apr 03: KRCL PRESENTS Mr. Gnome
Apr 04: Chairlift
Apr 05: KRCL PRESENTS Fanfarlo
Apr 06: DUBWISE
Apr 07: Burnell Washburn CD Release
Apr 08: Bare Wires
Apr 09: Acid Mothers Temple
Apr 10: KRCL PRESENTS Neon Indian
Apr 11: KRCL PRESENTS Cults
Apr 12: Dom Kennedy
Apr 13: Hanni El Khatib
Apr 15: Pert' Near Sandstone
Apr 17: School of Seven Bells
Apr 18: Caveman
Apr 20: Danksquad 4/20 Party
Apr 21: Tea Leaf Green
Apr 24: Tennis
Apr 26: Real Estate
Apr 27: Trash Bash
Apr 28: Washed Out
Apr 30: KRCL PRESENTS Delta Spirit
May 01: Dumb Luck CD Release
May 03: Lotus Plaza
May 05: The Drums
May 09: Brian Jonestown Massacre
May 14: Khaira Arby
May 22: Active Child
May 23: Here We Go Magic
> May 24: Xiu Xiu
> Jun 13: The Parlotones

241 SOUTH 500 EAST // AGES 21+

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3/2: Daisy & The Moonshines, Golden Sun, Coyote Fever, Wildfire
3/3: The North Valley, Lake Island, YYBS, Mountain Hymns
3/4: Greeney Love Inebriation, Aviatrix, The Mod Lang, The Rose Phantom
3/6: Reptar, Quiet Hooves
3/7: Summer in Alaska, Call It Cliché, Mouth Runner, Atlas (doors: 6:30pm)
3/8: The Mynabirds, Paul Jacobsen & the Madison Arm, TBA
3/9: Cloud Nothings, Mr. Dream, Laissez Bear
3/10: TBA
3/12: Kevin Seconds, Kepi Ghoulie, Secret Abilities, Matthew Nanes, The Mooks
3/13: The Black Velvet, Jack Wilkinson, Private Partners, We Drop Like Bombs, The Hiccups
3/14: Chasing Constellations, Amelia Dalton, Envicta, Drifting Down
3/15: Suedehead, Folk Hogan
3/16: Rejoin the Team, The Sheds, Latin for Truth, Trey the Ruler, On the Waterfront (doors: 6:30pm)
3/17: This Is My Escape, Breaux, Revalator
3/19: Cedars, Traveler's Cold, L'Anarchiste, Twinplus
3/20: Pickwick TBA
3/22: Au, AAN, Desert Noises, Rain Rain Man
3/23: Typhoon, Motopony, The Hive Dwellers
3/24: Poema, Carter Hulsey, Rocky Lowes Emily
3/26: Brainstorm, Silver Antlers, Seven Feathers Rainwater, Conquer Monster
3/27: Walk The Moon, new.Body.electric, TBA
3/28: Megafaun, Field Report
3/30: Howler/Yellow Ostrich, David Williams
3/31: The Art of Transcendence, The Paramedic, The Persevering Promise, Hands of the Martyr, Loss of Sound, Arsenal of Destruction (doors: 6:00pm)

MARCH 2012 - 741 S. Kilby Ct. (330 West) SLC, UT. - ALL AGES VENUE- DOORS @ 7pm *UNLESS NOTED

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STEELFIST FIGHT
FRIDAY MAR 9TH



3LAU - COLLEGE
SATURDAY MAR 10TH



WICKED WEDNESDAYS
WEDNESDAY MAR 14TH



WICKED WEDNESDAYS
WEDNESDAY MAR 21ST


DEICIDE
FRIDAY MAR 23RD



SAY ANYTHING
THURSDAY MAR 29TH


BLACK DAHLIA
FRIDAY MAR 30TH


BAND OF SKULLS
SATURDAY APR 7TH



DECIBEL MAGAZINE
WEDNESDAY APR 18TH

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